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[OCTOBER.

THE ECLECTIC:

A

Monthly Review and Miscellany.

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BRIEF NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS—

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NOTICES.

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Books for Review, and Correspondence for the Editor, should be sent, under Cover, to the Publishers.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

- Another Treaty with China, but not Another Chinese War. By T. Chisholm Anstey, Esq. London: James Allen.
- Atonement (The). Its Relation to Pardon. An Argument and a Defence. By the Rev. E. Mellor, M.A. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.
- Beacon (The).
- Baptist Magazine (The). London: Pewtress and Co.
- Cassell's Illustrated Family Bible. Part IV. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.
- Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper. Part XXI. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.
- Cassell's Illustrated Popular Natural History. Part VI. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.
- Children of Summerbrook. By Mrs. Sewell. London: Jarrold and Sons.
- Christianity in its Antagonism to Drunkenness. London: Partridge and Co.
- Christian Duties and Cautions, relating to the Holy Estate of Matrimony. By William Coe, Jun. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue and Co.
- Christian Ministry a Stewardship. By Wm. S. M. Aitchison. London: J. Heaton and Son.
- Church Distinguished (The); or the Christian Community in its Relation to the World. By Caleb Webb. London: Houlston and Wright.
- Commentary on the Book of Psalms. By William De Burgh, D.D. Part X. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, and Co.
- Congregational Church Music. Enlarged Edition. London: Ward and Co.
- Constitutional Press (The). London: Saunders Otley, and Co.
- Correspondant (Le).
- Domestic Stories. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." New Edition. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.
- Edith Grey; or, Ten Years Ago. By Charlotte Bonomi.
- Evangelical Christendom. London: 7 Adam-st., Strand.
- Evangelical Magazine (The). September. London: Ward and Co.
- Family Treasury of Sunday Reading. September. London: Thomas Nelson and Sons.
- Future of France and the World (The). London: Hatchard and Co.
- Glaucus; or, The Wonders of the Shore. By Charles Kingsley, F.S.A., F.L.S., &c. 4th Edition. London: Macmillan and Co.
- Grammar of the New Testament Diction. By Dr. George Benedict Winer. Translated by Edward Masson, M.A. Vol. II. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.
- Handbook of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. By Mrs. Wm. Fison. London: Longman and Co.
- Homilist (The). September. London: Ward and Co.
- India and Christian Missions. By the Rev. Edward Storrow, of the London Missionary Society, Calcutta. London: John Snow.
- Ladies' Treasury (The). September. London: Ward and Lock.
- Leisure Hour (The). Part XCII. London: Religious Tract Society.
- Liberator (The). No. LII. London: 2 Serjeant's Inn.
- Manliness: Hints to Young Men. By John Brookes. London: James Blackwood.
- Muse in India (The). By Indicus. Calcutta: G. P. Ray and Co.
- New Exegesis of Shakespeare. Interpretation of his Principal Characters and Plays on the principle of Races. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.
- Orphan Working School, Haverstock Hill. Annual Report.
- Our World. Its Rocks and Fossils. By Mrs. Wright. London: Jarrold and Sons.
- Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction. Part X. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.
- Personal Visit to the Chief Scenes of the Religious Revivals in the North of Ireland. By James Grant, Editor of the "Morning Advertiser." London: John Snow.
- Priesthood of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of His Community. By Dr. F. Mallet. Manchester: Wm. Bremner.
- Quakers (The) or Friends: Their Rise and Decline. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co.
- Satan Restored. A Poem. By W. Cyples. London: Saunders, Otley, and Co.
- School Series. Edited by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A., Chaplain-General to Her Majesty's Forces. "Natural History for Beginners." By James Owen. Parts I. and II. London: Longman & Co.
- Sermons. By the Rev. E. Paxton Hood. London: Judd and Glass.
- Sermons. By the Rev. Henry John Gamble. London: John Snow.
- The Two Homes. By Wm. Mathews, Author of "The Heir of Vallis." In 3 Vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.
- Through Norway with a Knapsack. By W. Mattieu Williams. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.
- Tuscany in 1849 and 1859. By T. Adolphus Trollope. London: Chapman and Hall.
- Village Poems. By R. S. R., Author of "Instaurator." London: Partridge and Co.
- Visit to the Scenes of Revival in Ireland. By James William Massie, D.D., LL.D. London: John Snow.

THE ECLECTIC.

OCTOBER, 1859.

I.

ABELARD AND HELOISE.

Abelardi et Heloise. Opera, ex MSS. Codd. Fr. Amboesii, edita. Parisiis. 1616.

Abélard. Par Charles de Rémusat. Paris. 1845.

Lettres d'Abailard et d'Heloise, traduites sur les Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque Royale, par E. Oddoul ; précédées d'un Essai historique par M. et Madame Guizot. Edition illustrée, par F. Gigoux. Paris. 1839.

On a midsummer eve, in the year 184—, we found ourselves in an extensive cemetery, looking down from its peaceful elevation on the tiled and gilded roofs of a splendid capital. The contrast between the scene directly around, and that in the near distance was very great—life and death, society and solitude, peace and turbulence, its elements—and the feelings which these strong contrasts awakened, were as varied as themselves. The Elysian Fields were within sight, rushing with carriages, dusty with pedestrians, merry with marionettes, radiant with beauty, and joyous with the effervescence of youth. But the true Elysium lay at our feet :

“There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

“The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.”

The tone of feeling awakened by the tranquillity of tombs and flowers, garlands, and sepulchral favours was such, that we recalled the epitaph of that weary cardinal who laid down the pomp of his purple without a regret, having carved upon his monument :—

Excessi è vitæ ærumnis facilisque lubensque,
Ne pejora ipsâ morte dehinc videam.

VOL. II.



Y

We leaned upon the rail of an altar-tomb, enshrined within a mortuary chapel, whereon reposed two figures, whose originals, whilst they lived, must have often looked to death as a welcome release from woe. Not only would they have acquiesced in the natural decree and necessity of dying,—“an inevitable chance, the first statute in Magna Charta, an everlasting Act of Parliament, all must die;” but they would long for it

“As sea-tost mariners desire
With eager grasp to reach the shore.”

The upward look of their effigies, as they lay in sculptured marble, with their faces turned skyward, was one perpetual plaint to Heaven against human perfidy; yet an assurance of forgiveness lay upon their silent, unimpassioned lips, an oblivion and a pardon of the past.—The figures were those of Abélard and Heloise; the *Chapelle sépulcrale*, their tomb in Père La Chaise; and the capital, whose sun of pleasure and of business invaded the quiet of that mortal retreat was—Paris; the queen of all the vicious splendour and gilded gauds of the world; in few respects more criminal than in its treatment of this unhappy pair. But the unfortunate lovers had sinned against the unnatural prohibitions of the church which forbids to marry; they had violated, moreover, the safeguards of society, which properly pronounces against secret marriages—a partial justification of their sufferings. Nevertheless their after-life of patient endurance and consecration to the cause of God, in the mode prescribed by the religion of the day, redeems their indiscretion, and reinstates them in the esteem which was forfeited by their surreptitious union. But their example is a warning, no less than their story a romance.

A decision of this very question of marriage while under celibate vows is challenged in a recent novel published by Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, and called “Right or Wrong;” the case supposed being that of a prior in some Parisian community, who, on the pretext of a religious mission, spends six months of every year away from his monastery, in a state of wedlock with a lady, whom he married after he had assumed the cowl. There cannot be a moment’s hesitation in pronouncing the verdict—*Wrong*; because, although nature may cry out against the restriction upon matrimony as gratuitous and inhuman, and Protestant prejudice may willingly take up the cry against Rome for its unnatural and narrow policy, the element of deception and double-dealing in this clever fiction is clearly against the romancer’s hero. *Either priest or layman*, but you cannot enjoy the immunities of both in the garb of one of these professions only. Our condemnation visits the imaginary lay prior, on

the same ground which constrains us to condemn Abélard in spite of our indulgent leaning in the actual priest-philosopher's favour. The lifelong burden of sorrow which Abélard bore, and bore so bravely, after the pang of his immediate grief—for sorrow is a burden, but grief is a pang,—commends him to our compassionate regard and merciful consideration.

In Brittany was our Pierre born, the Cornwall or Wales of France, a Celtic and primitive region, and drew from his Celtic motherhood the quickness of his intellect and the wildness of his passions. His father, a Count Berenger or Berengarius, claimed him as his eldest son, and destined him for the military profession, but the talent for learning developed itself so precociously and strongly in the lad, that the sire acquiesced in the devotion of his son to the study of philosophy, and procured for him attendance on the best teachers. Roscelin, the celebrated Nominalist, was his instructor in Logic at the age of thirteen; and Abélard doubtless drew from this distinguished professor those decided doctrines which characterized his own philosophic opinions and methods through life. In other provincial schools he studied, most probably religious foundations, of which course of instruction it must be allowed that if their curriculum was narrow, their discipline was sound. Latin and Logic—that is, Latin such as it was in the middle ages, and Logic, a wonderful exercise for the faculties in a limited field, though for the most part barren of great results—made up the chief ingredients in their bill of fare; but these they concocted skilfully, and shared freely. Furnished with these in an extraordinary measure for a youth of sixteen, the young Abélard, in accordance with the custom of the times, travelled from college to college, and convent to convent, adding to his stores, and furbishing his weapons, claiming where he went the hospitality of those dark ages, which was liberally accorded to the scholar, and winning reputation by his parts. The year 1099 found the stripling at Paris, having exhausted all the provincial sources of improvement, a peripatetic, as he says of himself, in zeal, if not in his philosophy. Here he enrolled himself amongst the pupils of William Champeaux, who was then the most renowned dialectician in Europe, but also the head of the School of Realism, and the philosophic opponent of the Nominalists. In this circle the handsome youth was first welcomed, for a comely presence brings favour for the possessor, be it man or woman; next tolerated, when he began to question and confute; finally hated, and compelled to withdraw, when he, whose province was to listen, dared to teach. Two years had made his skill in fence so conspicuous over the more clumsy, but at the same time more learned professor, that the course he should pursue became obvious

to friends and foes alike—namely, that he should set up a dialectical school of his own. Despite every obstacle thrown in his way—and those were not times in which artificial polish made enmity scrupulous about its measures—Abélard succeeded in obtaining for himself a position at Melun, sufficiently far from Paris in a south-eastwardly direction, to avoid collision with his former master, yet near enough for the reach of his fame. Here he lectured with such extraordinary success, that, emboldened by his triumph, he moved his quarters to Corbeil, within eighteen miles of Paris, or about half-way from Melun. It was no amiable feeling that led the successful adventurer nearer his former master, but rather, on his own confession, in his "*Historia Calamitatum*," a desire to gall him, and more signally to contribute to his defeat. Here Providence, however, interrupted Abélard's career for a time, and obliged him to retire from ill-health into Brittany, for the benefit of his native air, where we shall leave him, while we devote a paragraph to noting the philosophy of his master with which he had quarrelled, and his conduct in that master's school.

The basis of the philosophy of his quondam teacher, Champeaux, was the realistic view that Universals, or names for classes, were realities as well as names; that abstract ideas are concrete facts; that *species rerum* and *genera* are the same thing: a folly in favour of which a shrewd and hair-splitting intellect may find much to urge, although the truth is on the other side. Assuming this to be the case, and that his position was the only one tenable in the last resort, we can easily conceive how a young man of Abélard's incredible acuteness of logical faculty, should level confusion after confusion at the head of his sorely-bewildered master, until the old Doctor, who had grown grey in mystifying the intellects of obsequious pupils, should be silenced in his own bewilderment. Impelled by youth and arrogance, real talent, and a sense of wrong, the young dialectician would be the last person in the world to observe scruples in his measures; and when he took the floor against his master, in the exciting exercises of the schools, he would not retire till he had drubbed the pedagogue to his heart's content, overwhelming him at once with legitimate argument, scorn, and vituperation. This was so commonly the case at last, that the morning salute of the rector, *Salvete, Discipuli*, responded to with raised berett, and *Sis quoque tu salvus, Domine*, became but the prelude to a savage encounter of keen wits, wherein, doubtless, *Dog of a Nominalist* and *Ass of a Realist* were amongst the lightest of the courtesies interchanged between the intellectual pugilists, and with the invariable result of a lowered crest to Champeaux, and a triumph to the

adventurous Breton. Hate and jealousy, however, were always mixed with the admiration which the commanding abilities of Abélard enforced, and in every pupil of his master, as well as in that master himself, the successful provincial found a foe. But all this the young disputant disregarded, exulting in the flush of his dawning fame. The living death to which the rancorous revenge of an enemy afterwards consigned him, would at this time have been anticipated, had he, with his ardent nature, been consigned, on coming to Paris, to that "quiet" which, "to quick bosoms, is a hell." His intellectual gladiatorship was a profession and not a mere dilettanteism, for which he had trained himself by hard study and the severe exercise of thought, and nothing short of the tumult and glory of success could satisfy his mind. The storm at sea in chase of his prey was far better to his sanguine soul than the tranquillity of the haven.

A logical encounter in the middle ages' schools must have been a picturesque and animated scene. Some Gothic hall, approached through a conventual cloister, was strewn with rushes, and laid with oaken benches, in close array from end to end, while a low dais, drawn across the upper extremity, was the arena for the combatants, exposing them to the view of the eager and crowded auditory. Rows of hungry scholars, in long sottanes, and the berett or trencher-cap of the day, men whose appetites were large and digestion frightfully good, while their commons were often short enough, men whose own wits were sharpened by education, and who would watch each varying phase of the fight with more interest than one of military fence or armed struggle for life and death,—these would hail the loud *nego majorem* or *minorem*, as the case might be, of the wordy disputants with the jeer of mockery, or the clap of involuntary applause. But the excitement would be, in the majority of cases, out of all proportion to the utility of the spectacle; for beyond the exhibition of ready tact and fruitfulness of resource, the questions discussed were often frivolous enough, so long as theology, a dangerous subject, was excluded from debate. Whether the egg preceded the hen, or the hen the egg, could not be a very edifying question, but so much could be said on either side, that an argument thereon might be protracted to an interminable length. The same must be alleged of the still undecided quibbles, whether, when a hog was led to market with a string tied to his leg, he might be said to be led by the string or by his conductor. Whether, in freezing, the heat left the water or the cold entered into it. There were, of course, graver and more sensible themes to exercise their wits upon in the school of logic, but the subject itself was comparatively indifferent, provided that it acted as a grindstone to sharpen

their faculties in the wordy strife. Their propositions were aptly called *Quodlibets*, for any one thing was as good as any other, when its whole value consisted in making it a subject for specious syllogism and subtle distinctions.

Truth was regarded as neither means nor end in these sham fights. They were just the exhibition of an intellectual dexterity in the use of logical weapons, on a par with the sleight of the fencer or the self-possession of the acrobat.

The times were stirring in which our Abélard lived and flourished, the outward movement of action and incident being in strange conformity with the thrill and conflict of thought. No period of profound peace is half so provocative of even literary production as one of excitement in the external world. The turmoil without awakens the electricity latent within, and thus both discharge their celestial fire together. Abélard was born in the year 1079, but the year 1066 witnessed the Norman conquest of England, and the year 1096 the first crusade to Palestine, while all within the borders of broad Europe was commotion, and shaking and expectation throughout his life. This is contrary to anticipation, but anticipation is often befooled by experience in other quarters as well as here. Let the stithy ring with the din of the armourer, and the review-ground with the tramp of troops,—let wars, and rumours of wars, be the common talk of the people, and rifle-practice their preparation against evil to come; yea, let calamity of various sort assail them so as to break up the sluggish calm of their habitual life, and you shall see the printing press stimulated at the same period to unusual activity, recluses in their closets tempted into publicity, schools crowded with eager pupils, and philosophers ministering to curiosity by speculation and experiment, while, perhaps, invasion is attacking their homes, like Archimedes at his problems amid a burning Syracuse. Public spirit and the literary life flourish together, not amid the abundance of plethora, and the quiet of Academus, but amid storm, convulsions, and strife. So abhorred war, although both its instrument and immediate issues may be evil, may work the purposes of Divinity and speed the best interests of man.

When Abélard was learning and lecturing in the schools, with an acuteness and a power unknown among his contemporaries, all Europe was campaigning to the holy wars. At the stimulation of a fanatical monk, who was himself held in leading-strings by a haughty and clever Hildebrand and Urban, mobs of miscreants enrolled themselves under the banner of the Cross, to fight ostensibly for Christ in Palestine, but in reality to scramble for the world, the flesh, and the devil, in their own unruly passions and

persons. Starving peasants, cheated craftsmen, miserable debtors, insolvent nobles, the same kind of outlaws who flocked to David in the wilderness—all men of large wants and small means—were ready for any desperate enterprise that only promised them bread for daily wants, and excitement for wild longings—where and how it mattered not. When, therefore, these legions of restless spirits mustered and marched, they took care wherever they came to avail themselves of the plenary indulgence of the Pope secured to every crusader. Hitherto penance for crime bore some proportion to the fault committed, and might consume years in the process of expiation; but a grand act of emancipation was passed, when Urban decreed *plenary indulgence* from every ecclesiastical imposition in favour of all those who volunteered for the war in Palestine. Men took care to need the indulgence they craved, and under its wing ravaged Christian and Saracen alike. Southern Germany, Hungary, and Bulgaria, they ate up like remorseless locusts, and left nothing on their line of march standing which they could destroy, or portable which they did not remove. Their presence was a nightmare, and their departure a relief. Such were the crusaders, licentious marauders, to whose unlawful indulgence an edge was given by being enjoyed under the name of religion. We should, therefore, put down as the very first and most direct advantage of the crusades, that they removed from society in Europe the worst part of its population; swept off the scum and dregs of both country and city by a more salutary and summary process than anything short of an immediate divine dispensation.

The crusaders, indeed, were not all a rabble-rout without discipline, morals, or religion. There was a lofty chivalry and pure devotion to a great and sacred cause with some. But the good to the bad were as Lot to Sodom—one to a thousand. Yet, the mighty movement felt in every class of society—the passage of the fiery cross from land to land—the preaching of enthusiasts—the recruiting and departure of large armies to unknown regions—the high faith of the few—the feverish ambition and lawlessness of the many—the return of the invalids and surviving conquerors—the growth of commerce—the diffusion of knowledge and interchange of ideas, between remote countries,—all these failed not to make the age of Abélard an epoch of volcanic and ungovernable excitement, in which, however, the foundations of modern society were laid.

We shall but lightly glance upon the incidents and varying fortunes of Abélard's life. After half a dozen years spent in recreation and study, we find Abélard again in Paris, when he was twenty-eight years old, with a strong determination on him to achieve wider victories and to work more confessed humiliation

on his former antagonist. He forced a kind of renunciation of his realist views from William of Champeaux, and then opened a school of his own at St. Genevieve, close by, which speedily emptied the benches of the Monastery of St. Victor, where De Champeaux had enrolled himself a monk. In the course of a very few years of continuous teaching, Abélard became the acknowledged leader of philosophy in Paris—the most renowned dialectician of his day. His six years of seclusion in Brittany must have been well spent, for his amazing erudition is boasted of no less than his argumentative skill. In the language of his epitaph, which must have had the prevalent opinion of his contemporaries for its basis, *Ille sciens quicquid fuit ulli scibile*. The successor of De Champeaux, who filled his philosophic chair, retired from the unavailing contest with an adversary so gifted as Abélard, and unrolled himself among his pupils. This was the most flourishing period of our hero's philosophic life, when he was about thirty years of age. Paris applauded him, and Paris was the world. It bestowed on him a canonry in the metropolitan church,—a sinecure which does not appear to have involved the more stringent of the ecclesiastical vows. But vested rights as a teacher, on the part of Champeaux and his successor, caused Abélard further disturbance; and we find him withdrawn to Melau, and once or twice again—as a change of tactics on the part of his adversary, or the public voice of reprobation on De Champeaux's conduct, permitted—in Paris. The only interruptions of any real moment to his residence in the city were occasioned by the retirement of his father, and next of his mother, to the cloistered seclusion of some monasteries near their home;—a curious close to a happy married life, and not an uncommon one in those days,—but the offspring of no enlightened views of social morality or personal religion. That the convent has charms for contemplative minds is certain, and that in troublous periods of history it formed a welcome asylum for misfortune and for learning, will not be denied; but there is an aspect of refined selfishness about the whole conventual institution, either for men or women, which condemns it in the judgment of true morals and enlightened philanthropy. Here we have old Berenger, having settled his children, enamoured of books and quiet, going off to a monastery, and leaving *Madame Mere* to struggle in her old age alone, with such troubles as might remain to her from unruly tenants, bad debtors, unpleasant neighbours, and exacting mendicants. This does not appear courtly or chivalrous in the old knight. After a while the lady herself tires of the cares of the world, and follows the example of her husband, leaving her children and grand-children to fight the battles of life unaided, and robbing

herself of the dear delight of nursing her sons' and daughters' babes on her aged knee—one of the rarest pleasures of old age. All this is strangely at odds with our notion of family affection and obligation in the nineteenth century.

But like Alexander, who longed for other worlds to conquer, Abélard would conquer other domains of science ere he could consider his triumphs complete. Philosophy was but his Rubicon, he must storm the imperial Rome of Divinity. In order to qualify for lecturing on the sacred science, that is, religion philosophically treated, he hied to Laon, some miles north-east of Paris, to attend the prelections of the most popular theologian in France, a monk named Anselm, pupil of our own Archbishop of Canterbury of that name;—a man of many words and mighty fame. But in this case, as in the material world, the shrewd scholar found how true it was that

“Distance lends enchantment to the view.”

The teacher proved fluent in the utterance of commonplaces, but shallow,—gifted with a leaky tongue but a sluggish wit. “I frequented,” writes Abaillard, “the old man’s school, but it was soon evident that all his celebrity was derived, not from the display of abilities, but from length of practice. If you knocked at his door, to consult him on some difficulty, your doubts were increased instead of allayed, and you came away more perplexed than before. Admirable to simple-minded and unquestioning listeners, he was unable to grapple with any adversary. He had abundance of words, but no depth of reason. When he lighted his fire, he filled the house with smoke, not with light. His tree all covered with foliage looked imposing from a distance, but when it was closely examined there was no fruit on its branches. I approached it expecting to be fed, but I found it to be the fig-tree which the Lord had cursed. Once disabused of my expectations, I did not remain long stretched under its shade.”—Want of vigour, want of precision, want of originality, want of liberality, are charges which have been vented on the teachers of theology from then until now; some of these charges being true of some professors, and some of others. But men ought not to expect originality in a science where all that can be known has been known for eighteen centuries, nor a greater liberality of speculation or tolerance than Scripture itself allows. Perhaps old Anselm was not as deficient as our self-satisfied but really gifted Abélard pronounced him; for the school he commanded proved him at least well up to the ordinary requisitions of the times. We can easily understand how a sharp-witted man, eager for disputation, or even a sincere inquirer anxious for truth, might turn with loathing from the

chopped straw and endless distinctions of the scholastic theology. The intercourse of tuition at Laon, as unsatisfactory to the master as to the pupil, ended in Abélard's becoming a theologian himself; first as a *privat-docent* in Laon, and afterwards on a large and recognized scale in Paris. Here the success of the young teacher was equal to his merits,—and his merits were rare, for his mind was vigorous, his expositions fresh, and his speculations, within certain limits, bold. He was passionately followed by the ardent admirers of talent of many lands, who flocked to the mother city of France to attend his instructions; and here and now he reached the culminating point of his theological fame.

But pride and luxury proved his bane (we use the words of his confession in the "*Historia Calamitatum*," addressed to a friend), and he became involved in the discreditable intrigue with the beautiful and learned Heloise, retrieved as far as it might be by his marriage with her afterwards. Abélard's fault and his punishment have made his name notorious, and they demand neither explication nor censure from us. "If they loved rashly, their lives paid for wrong;" for all the after years of the unlucky pair were a living death. Life had no charm thenceforward for either of the twain, separated for ever by Heloise's indignant uncle, and they had no resource for their sorrow but the incarceration of the convent. Death might be preferable, death might be longed for, but life was a duty, and further endurance and further conflict lay before them. Heloise retired to the convent of Argenteuil, and Abélard betook himself to the great Abbey of St. Denis, near Paris. But Abélard did not long remain in seclusion, more reasons than one conducing to draw him from his retreat. Fire consumes fat, and the greasy sensualism of the monks and their ignorant disorders were sorely scorched by the caustic intellectualism of their new *confrère*. They thought only of the *éclat* of a distinguished resident amongst them, when they welcomed into their midst the leading teacher of the day, and little anticipated the discomfort of near proximity to superior intelligence, and the painful contrast of ignorance and vulgarity with the refinement of learning. Abbot Adam, first in rank in the institution, was also first in transgression—a ringleader in naughtiness—the living Lord of Misrule. He soon, therefore, became as anxious for the departure of Abélard, as he had been proud of his accession. Yielding both to his desire to escape such uncongenial companionship, and to the cry of his former pupils for instruction, Abélard once more resumed his lectures on theology near Paris, emptying all other schools, and provoking boundless envy by his success.

In treating the most abstruse subjects, he introduced the rational method, rightly contending that in all matters to which reason can

be applied it ought to be applied. In this he professedly took Origen for his master—an unsafe guide, indeed, but a man none the less worthy of admiration for his great parts, untiring industry, and fine independence of mind. So great is the resemblance between them in subtlety of understanding, rare freedom of speculation, and other points of comparison, that if the Parisian doctor had possessed the Alexandrian scholar's profound biblical knowledge, he might have been called the modern Origen.

With the natural presumption of a man in possession of a new instrument of his own devising, or of novel application, Abélard fancied he could resolve all things by his reason—fathom even “the deep things of God.” In this manner he dealt with the mystery of the Trinity,—to be commended indeed for his abandonment of unmeaning terms and definitions, “sonorous terms,” as he calls them, instead of “intelligible ideas;” but nevertheless reprehensible, because no natural analogies, conceptions, or terms could explain the supernatural and inexplicable. The attempt was a noble one, considering the age in which it was made, but the success was not commensurate with the self-gratulation of the author, or the applause of his friends. Roscelin, one of his early teachers, had been condemned for philosophizing upon the same subject, and the condemnation of both master and pupil was founded rather, perhaps, on their novel modes of expression than on any heretical ideas which they broached in the course of their discussions. Abélard makes the Father the symbol of power, the Son of wisdom, and the Holy Ghost of charity,—and finds these three qualities infinitely bound up in the same Godhead. He vindicates for the heathen philosophers a knowledge of the Trinity, and assigns them, for the purity of their morals, the sincerity of their manners, and the profoundness of their investigations, a place amongst the blessed in the unseen world. The co-eternity of the Persons in the Trinity he explains by the coeval existence of the *mass* of the sun, its *light* and *heat*. From this topic he proceeds to treat of Providence and the Divine works, coming to the conclusions:—that if there remain any good unrealized in the universe, it is God's wisdom which has forbidden His power to effect it; that, more than what God has done, He could not have done; nor could He have done it otherwise; nor was He free not to have done it.—This is the sheer optimism of later ages, and partakes more than its adversaries allow, or its advocates suspect, of evangelical regard for the manifold wisdom of God.

But new ways of stating religious truth, even while the truth itself is devoutly guarded from misapprehension, awaken the suspicions of those whose minds move in the narrow groove of a traditional orthodoxy. Two professors of Rheims, once fellow-

pupils of Abélard under the deceased Anselm, smarting under the pain of seeing themselves outshone by a former rival in their own departments of teachers of theology, found endless deformities in the essay, and denounced its statements as grossly erroneous and heretical. Their task was easy, for nothing is so easy to find as heresy, if any religious teaching whatever be read with due "dispositions." Heresies will rise to the inquisitive glance, as readily as armed men sprang from the dragon's teeth of Cadmus. Horrified with their discoveries, the professors hastened to their archbishop, and denounced the writer, demanding a provincial synod for the condemnation of his error. The prelate complied, and a council, the usual remedy in such cases, was resorted to,—the Council of Soissons, A.D. 1121, with the Pope's legate at its head.

Abélard was condemned to burn his book, which he did before the assembly. What follows seems almost intended for a burlesque of the Athanasian Creed. Directly the book was consumed, some malignant soul whispered in the legate's ear, "I saw this horrible sentence in his book: that God the Father is alone Almighty." The legate caught the words, and rising, exclaimed, "That not even a child could err so grossly, for the fundamental and universal belief of Christendom is, that there be three Almighties." "And yet there be not three Almighties, but one Almighty," quoted one Doctor Terricas in the assembly, confounding the legate, and turning the language of the celebrated creed to better use, perhaps, than ever it had been turned before. Assailed by clamour, and sought to be put down, Terricas asserted his right to take part in the discussion, and proceeded with the words of Daniel: "Why are you thus foolish, children of Israel? not judging and knowing what is true, you have condemned a son of Israel: return to judgment, and judge the judge himself, whom you have established for the purpose of teaching the faith and repressing error. When he ought to judge, he is condemned by his own mouth. The innocence of the accused has to-day been shown by God's mercy: deliver him, like Susannah of old, from his false accusers." The holocaust of Abélard's book freed him from any more serious consequences of the inquisition into his heretical pravity, but he was only quite absolved on his publicly subscribing the Athanasian Creed as his sighs and tears allowed him utterance. The repeating his adhesion to the Belief cost him little pain, for no one at the present day conceives him to have been unsound in the faith; but the sacrifice of the "child of his thought,"—the creature of his imagination—the fruit of his midnight toil—the *magnum opus* of his life hitherto—the work in which, if anywhere, novelty combined with devotion shone,—to have the result of his labours thus

rudely done to death by incompetent and malignant souls, must have been galling indeed.

After a few days' seclusion at St. Medard, Abélard was allowed to return to St. Denis, where fresh troubles awaited him for his free-spoken reproofs, and for the ridiculous reason that he questioned the truth of Dionysius, the Areopagite, being the founder of their church, and the patron saint of France. On the authority of Bede, Abélard contended for a later Dionysius as the evangelist of Gaul, but the ignorant monks claved to the more extravagant tradition with the ferocity of an unreasoning fanaticism. They could almost have murdered the sceptic for his suspicions about their saint, but they only confined him in his cell. From this, with the connivance of a few brethren better disposed than the rest, the unfortunate Abélard made his escape into the region of Champagne, where the law of the territory vouchsafed him protection and asylum. With this event commences a new phase of the history of our unfortunate monk.

By the executive of France he was allowed to establish himself with a few followers, in an unoccupied but fertile region near Nogent-sur-Seine, where his domicile was at first of the very rudest order. His centre of attraction was a small cottage, dignified with the name of oratory, and dedicated to the Trinity. Disciples learning of his location and virtual independence, flocked around from all quarters, in the words of his own narrative, "forsaking tower and town, to dwell in a desert place, constructing cabins for their own abode, instead of the comfortable houses they had left behind, renouncing delicate meats for coarse bread and wild herbs, for warm beds having nothing but straw and moss, for tables only sods of grass." "Pilgrims of his genius," they were attracted by his reputation, while his misfortunes and persecutions gave wing to his reputation, and bade it fill a still wider circle. His monastery was thus a school rather than a cloister; for, true to his instincts and habits, it could not be otherwise: his function, from first to last, was teaching rather than discipline, his own nature being developed on the intellectual rather than the ascetic side. And he was a great teacher; but the access of pupils from all quarters somewhat defeated his design in retiring to the desert, which was, in a fit of misanthropy, to get away from mankind. So largely grew this feeling upon him afterwards, under the persecutions of his neighbour, Bernard of Clairvaux, a man of equal genius with himself, but of less pleasant temper, that he contemplated settling down in some Mohammedan or Pagan country, where he might profess his own Christianity without molestation. Meanwhile the consolations derived from his comparative quiet at Arduzon, and the revival of his cele-

brity, induced him to call his new location by the name of the Paraclete—the Comforter. Yet even this name gave offence to captious souls, and Abélard was almost driven to distraction by the constant cavils of those in whose eyes he could do nothing good. Their abominable suspicions drove a really upright man almost to despair, and led him to compare his sufferings by persecution with those of Athanasius at the hands of the Arians.

A harbour of seeming refuge, however, was opened to him in his native province of Brittany, by his unanimous election to the priorate of St. Gildas de Ruys, on the shores of the Atlantic, in a wild and savage region. No spot could be more unattractive by nature: the granite of the subsoil is barely covered by the most scanty vegetation; a barren, heathy promontory was the site of the monastery, where the howling of the wind through the cloisters awoke an intolerable melancholy, and this was their music nearly every night in the year; provisions were scanty, and the neighbourhood poor. But it was a fixed home and position for Abélard, and its very remoteness from public life was a charm. His troubles had wrought him to such a pitch of desperation, that he only thought of escaping the society of men, and bringing himself out of sight of a vexatious world. But there were troubles in store for him in his monastery as well as elsewhere, and these sprang not from the gloomy association of the scenery, but, as before, from his kind. The men of the cowl seemed created for his special torment, and their treatment of Abélard throughout his career, both when he was himself a subordinate, and afterwards when a governor, is calculated to awaken a cordial distrust of the monkish nature. Whatever it may be now, evidence abounds to prove that in the middle ages those were not the finest dispositions which betook themselves to the cloisters—rather the slothful, the cowardly, the sensual, and, too often, the envious and malignant. We can scarcely picture outside the convent, men of an earthlier nature than those who were consecrated by their profession to the cultivation of spirituality within it. In Gildas the brethren almost worried their prior to death by their demands for supplies for themselves, their concubines, and their children; and when he dared deny them, or the provisions ran short, they attempted his life in the sacramental wine. Over and over again does Abélard express his dread of assassination at the hands of his own monks, in his correspondence with Heloise, now at Paraclete, and he commends prayer for his life to be offered daily, in two distinct forms to herself and her nuns. The granite rocks of the promontory before him, and the shore and islets of the sea of Morbihan, were not so hard as the hearts of the men whom he

failed to govern, nor the rollers of the Atlantic that surged upon the coast as unruly as their passions.

The perpetuation of the Paraclete was always one of his cares. How provide for its infancy? what do with it when he retired? But the latter question received a ready solution from events; while the liberality of the public did more for it under a new régime than before. The nunnery of Argenteuil, where Heloise had now resided seven years, was dissolved on the plea of the ill-conduct of the inmates. It is curious to observe, too, that this process of dissolution of monasteries has always taken place in Roman Catholic countries, by the hands of devout believers, has been extremely frequent, and is always justified to the public conscience by an enumeration of the practical evils of the institution. Portugal, Spain, and Sardinia are amongst the most recent instances of revolt against the Order of Monks; and the freedom which these countries have won is envied by the less favoured Catholic nations, who still groan under the burden of the brotherhoods and sisterhoods that fatten on the industry of the community. Argenteuil was thus dissolved, and the sisters scattered, when Abélard handed over the Paraclete to the superintendence of Heloise and the eight nuns who followed her fortunes. The gift was ratified in 1126 by Pope Innocent II., and Heloise became the first abbess of the afterwards flourishing and celebrated nunnery of the Paraclete.

An address to the sisterhood of the Paraclete, problems or questions in divinity resolved, sermons, a treatise against heresies, an exposition of the Lord's Prayer, and a commentary on the Romans, engaged the studious attention of Abélard at this time, —works of various merit, but of indubitable orthodoxy. Yet was their orthodoxy questioned by that hammer of heretics, St. Bernard of Clairvaux, in the neighbourhood of the Paraclete, who objected to Abélard's adoption of the word *supersubstantial* bread in the Lord's Prayer, from Matthew, instead of using the word *daily*, from St. Luke. But the zealous saint found other objections in the works of Abélard, styling him thus in a letter to Cardinal Guido:—"When he speaks of the Trinity, we hear Arius; when of grace, Pelagius; and when of the person of Christ, Nestorius."

With such a person as his accuser, Abélard stood little chance of a fair hearing before a Provincial Council at Sens, in the year 1140, before which he made his appearance. No sooner were the charges read against him, than, regarding the prejudiced aspect of the assembly, he appealed to Rome; but this did not prevent his condemnation by the Council, inasmuch as he had acquiesced up to that point in their jurisdiction.

He began his journey to Rome, but was stopped by tidings that Rome had already condemned him, on the partial decision of his adversaries at Sens, and the special appeal of Bernard to the Holy See. He stopped at the Benedictine monastery of Cluny, where he was kindly received by the abbot, worthy of perpetual memory as Peter the Venerable, a man of learning, and of that charity which inspiration has pronounced beyond "all mysteries and all knowledge." Here his life was one of cloistral devotion and study. No decays of a failing nature withdrew him from his course of penitential discipline and devotion, and the supervision and retouching of his works. But whatever his external submission to church censure, if he were a heretic when he came there, a heretic he remained, for none of the faulty reasonings or assertions of his book were cancelled; they remain on everlasting record, a challenge to his contemporaries and an appeal to posterity. Were those works of his every word translated and in common circulation, it is very doubtful whether, amongst an enlightened Protestant people, these would not place Abélard very high in general esteem above most of the writers of the Romish church. Few of these dare to reason out of the beaten track, wherefore all honour to Abélard, who both would and did.

When we look back over his career and opinions, we are at no loss in taking the true measure of the man. Abélard was a thorough Frenchman—a point that must never be forgotten in any estimate of his talents and character. He had all the proverbial acuteness of the Gallic intellect, and, at the same time, the vain-glorious and boastful habit of his race. He was a dainty, handsome man, vain of his person as well as of his acquirements. From natural ability and long practice, he had become a dialectician most formidable to encounter in those tournaments of dialectic combat which were the chief recreation of the schools of the twelfth century. He was rather a logician than a metaphysician, and troubled himself more about words and forms than about things, either material or spiritual. But, besides the natural leaning of his genius in that direction, the controversy of the Nominalists and Realists tended to develop his logical faculty; and of that vexed problem it is to his credit that his keen-sightedness suggested the correct solution. Even when he breaks bounds into the newer region of theological speculation and ratiocination, he clanks the chain of his logic after him—a clog to himself and a nuisance to others. Had he had equals or leaders in this department, the blot of heresy had probably never rested upon his name; but he pursued an unbeaten track, and was led astray by the lack of authority sufficient to convince his reason, and of precedent which it had been no degradation to follow. We shall not undertake to say,

but are rather disposed to believe, that opinions quite as obnoxious as those of Abélard are to be found in the fathers of the early church down to the fifth century. If not downright heresies, very odd notions at least, are scattered everywhere over the works of these over-honoured ancients. But these are cried up, while it was the cue of Abélard's contemporaries to cry him down. Had he lived in the days of Zwingli and Luther, he probably would have been a reformer, induced by his love of intellectual freedom and detestation of that hateful policy which in after days gave rise to the institution of Indexes. As a bold and caustic thinker, he has many features in common with Erasmus; but had he had Erasmus's opportunities he would not have missed them like Erasmus. Yet he had not religious earnestness enough in the earlier part of his life to dare any danger purely for religion's sake—nor indeed, perhaps, at any period for religion alone. But no one can affirm that he would not have run great risks in the cause of religion if linked with the emancipation of thought from the fetters of human authority. Though without the element of deep personal religion, which seems to have been the moving spring of most reformers in every period of the church, we look upon him as, nevertheless, a reformer before his age—of a special type, indeed, but of a true type none the less. His affections never rose to the pitch of enthusiasm, but his search after truth was sincere. The intellect of the philosopher governed his whole life, nor was it swayed out of its equilibrium by the follies and sins of celibate priests, in days when the sexual transgressions of such men were looked on as a tolerated evil. Passion seldom gained the mastery over him. He could be a monk, an ascetic, a desert eremite, an Anthony; but never a Whitfield or a Richard Baxter. When sorrow and suffering had done their work upon him, he appears to have walked according to the light given him unblamably, and to have experienced and owned the work of the Spirit. However provoking the innovations of his philosophy may have been to his adversaries, and however repulsive were the more prominent features of his character, he never appears to have cherished the malignant passions of fallen nature. It should not be forgotten that he went over to Clairvaux and was reconciled to Bernard, his bitterest enemy, at the very time when Bernard was intriguing at Rome by his correspondence to secure his condemnation, and to make Abélard's appeal for impartial justice to the Holy See of none effect. The heretic was a greater man in the virtue of forgiveness than the saint in the furor of his zealous orthodoxy. Abélard had encountered two great foes in his public life—the one a philosopher, the other an ecclesiastic. In the philosopher he met a spaniel, sometimes fawning upon his hand, and sometimes snapping at it, as temper and occa-

sion prompted ; but in the saint he found a sleuth-hound's tenacity and fury of grip, that nothing could shake off, nothing propitiate, and the exulcerated wounds of which nothing could heal. The saint's malignancy is the more intolerable, as it pours with evangelical unction the vitriolic oil of advice and profession of sympathy into the wound which itself has made. Such is the hateful policy of the Roman Inquisition, which, handing a man over to the secular power to be dogged to death, hypocritically begs for mercy towards him.

But the hunted hart at last escaped his pursuers, and found repose from the shafts of priestly rancour and rage in that region "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." The Abbot Peter reports his death, and gives explicit testimony to the Christian virtues of his guest. In a letter to Heloise, he says :—"Thus did Abélard close his days. He whose learning was vast, and of whom almost the four corners of the world had been taught to speak, became the disciple of Him who was meek and lowly of heart. He is gone to his Master ; and you, dear sister, who were once his wife, but whom afterwards a purer tie united to him, repose now in the certain hope that the day will come when he shall again be given to you."

We have said enough, but must revert, ere we close, to our starting point—his tomb. The body of Abélard was stolen, after his interment, from the monks of Marcellus, by the friendly abbot, and conveyed to Heloise at Paraclete. After twenty years solitary repose the faithful Heloise joined her husband in the tomb, on which, in accordance with the usage of the day, an epitaph in Latin rhyme was carved. In the middle of the last century a more graceful inscription recorded the unhappy pair as—

*"Olim studiis, ingenio, amore, infaustis nuptiis et pœnitentiâ,
Nunc æternâ, quod speramus, felicitate conjuncti."*

The first French revolution deemed cloistered monks and nuns a nuisance, and religious houses their natural prey. The Paraclete thus fell to the ground, but the dust of the celebrated lovers was religiously conveyed to the charnel of Nogent, by the authorities of that town. In 1800 the bodies were removed to Paris, and, after sundry shiftings of their place of repose, they have found their last home in Père la Chaise. The stones of which this tomb is composed are fragments of the ornate gothic of the Paraclete ; and, as we lean our elbow on their tracery, connect us with the bygone age in which they were chiselled—with the still earlier age in which the dust they cover was animated with life and thought. It was a commonplace reflection that passed

through our mind as we gazed upon the double ruin—that of the dilapidated monastery, of which not one stone remains upon another in its proper site, and that of the hapless pair whose faults and sufferings the present structure commemorates, but it was natural and obvious enough to plead an excuse for its commonness:—

“Omnia sunt hominum tenui pendentia filo,
Et subito casu, quæ valere ruunt.”

II.

PROTESTANTISM IN AUSTRIA.

A Secret History of the Austrian Government, and of its Systematic Persecutions of Protestants. Compiled from Official Documents. By Alfred Michiels. London: Chapman and Hall, 1859.

AMONG “the miraculous chances” by which, according to M. Michiels, the Austrian Empire has so frequently been preserved in seasons of extreme danger, posterity will in all probability include the celebrated treaty of Villafranca. While politicians are debating at Zurich the precise terms of this confused pacification, and the *Official Gazette* of Vienna opens to the subjects of the monarchy prospects of much-needed reforms, it may not be amiss to study the internal history of the late disasters, and to trace in them the operation of causes long at work. Scarcely more than three centuries have elapsed since Charles V. swayed the destinies of Europe. Absolute masters of Spain, of the Netherlands, the Austrian domains, and we may almost add of Italy, as well as Emperors of Germany, no dynasty since the time of the Cæsars had wielded so vast a sway as the Hapsburgs. The title of “Majesty,” which Charles V. was the first of European monarchs to assume, but faintly indicated the extent of a power which neither the hereditary enemy of Christendom, nor the gallant armies of France, could resist. The sun never set on the dominions of him whom the poor monk of Wittemberg—alone, save with God and his Bible—confronted at Worms. Yet has he proved that stone cut without hands, which has gradually broken to pieces the colossal empire that succeeded and represented ancient Rome. The Netherlands have thrown off the yoke of Charles’ son; Spain, no longer under Hapsburg rule, has sunk

apparently no more to rise; Italy is emancipated; the supremacy of Germany has passed into the hands of Protestant Prussia, and the Austrian monarchy itself is shaken to its very foundation. Twice within the last ten years has the imminent ruin of the Hapsburg family been stayed—in 1848, by *foreign aid* in the interest of Absolutism; in 1859, by *foreign weakness*, in that of the Papacy. The causes of all these disasters were the same, and so long as they continue, the destruction of that Empire may be delayed, but cannot be averted. Truly, Charles V. and his vast realm died in a monastery.

That countries which contain so many elements of prosperity should present such evidence of weakness and decay, may well excite astonishment. The provinces which compose the Austrian monarchy are as large and fertile as any in Europe; the vast plains of Hungary, Galicia, and Bohemia, yield an almost unlimited supply of grain, and fruits of every variety; the mountains are replete with ores; broad and navigable rivers afford unrivalled means of internal, and an ample seaboard of external intercourse and commerce; the populations are brave, loyal, intelligent, and well disposed. Yet with all these resources, defeat has followed defeat,—the finances are utterly ruined, the army dispirited, whilst a large force is continually required to keep mutinous provinces in unwilling subjection. We repeat these well known facts in no spirit of rancorous hostility to the house of Austria, such as M. Michiels discovers on every page of his book. On the contrary, strange though it may appear to some, we believe them to have been mostly kind and humane rulers, whose oppression and misgovernment were rather the consequence of a system, than the result of natural cruelty, or unbounded selfishness. We are disposed to go further, and in great measure to accept the apology of *F. Von Hurter*, the latest advocate of Hapsburg rule, and Jesuit intrigue, and to admit that even Ferdinand II., who originated the Thirty Years' War, and almost exterminated Protestantism in Austria, was sincere in his efforts for what he deemed the welfare of his people, that the tears which he shed over his victims were caused by unfeigned grief, and that the masses which he ordered for the heretics whom he executed, are a correct indication of his real feelings towards them. All the more hateful, then, appears to us the system of which this policy of despotism and bloodshed has been the exponent, and to which not only the miseries of countless thousands, but the present state of the Empire must be traced. Not from religious partisanship or sectarian hatred, but as the result of calm and impartial historical studies, we record it as our conviction that priestcraft, Jesuitry, Ultramontanism, or by whatever other name you may designate unlimited

devotion to the authority and objects of Rome, and not any hereditary taint of madness in the Hapsburg family (such as M. Michiel suggests), has brought that race and their rule to the brink of destruction.

But neither this explanation, nor the admission of occasional excesses on the part of Protestants, and of that vile sectarianism with which they are justly chargeable, must blind us to the fact that in making itself the instrument in the hand of Rome, the house of Austria has probably been guilty of greater crimes than any other dynasty. Among the bloodstained pages of ecclesiastical history, the darkest is that which records the relation between Protestantism and the Hapsburgs. The persecutions in our own country, the sufferings of the Huguenots, even the fires of the Inquisition in Spain, were not so atrocious as the systematic hostility, the unrelenting cruelty, and the constant intrigues to which the adherents of the Reformation have been exposed, so far as the influence of Austria has extended. For centuries the real seat of the Papacy has been by the banks of the Danube, not on those of the Tiber; and unless the promised measures of relief shall inaugurate a perfect change, only the *form* not the *fact* of persecution can be said to have ceased. In this respect, M. Michiels rightly identifies Hapsburg with Jesuit rule. We wish we could equally have agreed with him on other points. "*A Secret History of the Austrian Government, compiled from Official Documents*," would indeed prove a work of no common interest. Unfortunately, it has yet to be written; the book presently under review, cannot in any sense be regarded as such. The documents from which its information is derived have long been known and accessible. To call a superficial gleaning from the works of Caraffa, Hormeyr, Fessler, or Hurter, "a secret history," is certainly a strange misnomer. Of original or hitherto unpublished documents, we have not discovered a trace, nor learned a single fact which has not frequently and much more accurately been told. But we have observed a number of mistakes, many most important omissions, and an obvious personal aim, which greatly detracts even from the limited value of the book. The story of the earlier persecutions in Bohemia, which is found in most works on the subject, is pretty fully given; the history of Protestantism in Hungary* is most imperfectly treated, and the record of later events, from 1789 to 1859, is summarily dismissed for the present with

* We take this opportunity of recommending the "*History of the Protestant Church in Hungary*," translated by the Rev. Dr. Craig (London: Nisbet and Co., 1854); a somewhat dry, but full and trustworthy work, which M. Michiels unfortunately seems not to have known.

the remark, that "historical works cannot be improvised, and considerable time is required to read and study documents." We could have wished that the same caution had been observed with regard to the earlier periods of history. In that case the characters of Ferdinand I., Maximilian II., and Rodolph II., might have been more correctly drawn; instead of irrelevant chapters about the rules of the Jesuits, the private habits of Prince Kaunitz, and the relations between France and Austria, more important information would have been furnished, and in general the continual straining after theatrical effect, given place to the sobriety of a proper historical style. A history like this requires not, in order to give it effect, the aid of exclamations, or of abrupt moralizing. Lastly, though making every allowance for an author who dates his Preface from "Paris, May 15th, 1859," we dislike, in such a composition, the continual "*delenda Carthago*" strain adopted against the Hapsburg family; and we are far from believing that the moral influence of France in Germany has been so beneficial as M. Michiels represents. With all these drawbacks, as this is the only work in our language which gives information popularly accessible on the subject,* we advise our readers to consult its pages. In the limited space assigned to ourselves, we can do little more than trace the outlines of this history, and indicate the present state and the just demands of Protestants in Austria.

At the period of the Reformation, the *hereditary* domains of the German branch of the house of Hapsburg were comparatively small. The crown of Bohemia, to which the electoral dignity in Germany attached, and that of Hungary, were *elective*. So far as the latter country is concerned, that fact is unquestioned; and—whether you call it choice or ratification—even the most ardent advocates of the "right Divine" cannot deny, that whatever claims family treaties may have given the Hapsburg family, the Diet of Bohemia always took the initiative in the appointment of a sovereign. In point of fact, these Parliaments, including the Estates of Austria, wielded a very great power. Laws had to be sanctioned, and supplies were granted by them; on their own domains the nobles exercised an almost uncontrolled authority, and only the subjects of the crown lands, or the inhabitants of towns, could be said to be directly under the rule of the monarch. These circumstances, the turbulent dispositions of the lords, and the continual danger to which especially Hungary and Austria were exposed from the Turks—with whom malcontents readily

* "*The Reformation and Anti-Reformation in Bohemia*," (2 vols., London: Houlston and Stoneman, 1845,) gives full details of the religious history of that country especially during the reign of Ferdinand II.

entered into alliances—rendered absolute despotism impossible. As in other countries so in Austria, the Reformation had long been preparing. The ignorance and vices of the clergy, their rapacity and hypocrisy, greatly contributed to the spread of those secret dissidents from Rome, who, under the vague appellation of Waldenses, were spread over the whole Continent of Europe. About the year 1315, no less than 80,000 of these sectaries are said to have existed in the Austrian domains; about a century and a half later, the first ministers of the “Bohemian brethren” were ordained by a Waldensian “bishop” in Austria. Nor were voices wanting in the Church of Rome to denounce the ecclesiastical degeneracy of their days, and with more or less distinctness to proclaim a different Evangel from that of the Curia. Among these preachers we mention such names as Turcianus, James, a Bernardine monk, and Theodobald of St. Lawrence in Austria; Conrad of Waldhausen, Milic and Janow, the illustrious precursors of Huss in Bohemia. The history of Huss himself, and of his friend Jerome of Prague, is well known. The reformation at which they aimed was not so much that of dogmas as of life. The Church, as existent in their days, formed so glaring a contrast to the biblical ideal of “the company of the Elect,” that they unhesitatingly denounced it as the Babylon and anti-Christ of revelation. The flames to which an assembled council consigned the Bohemian proto-martyrs in 1415 and 1416, were not able to consume their writings or their labours. All Bohemia rose to avenge the treacherous deed of Constance, and neither the forces of the Emperor Sigismund, nor the liberal promises of indulgences to the new Crusaders, proved sufficient to suppress the Hussite movement. At last, the warriors of Zisca and Procop obliged the Church to come to terms, and the celebrated “Compactates” of the council of Basle conceded the use of the cup in the Eucharist to the laity, free preaching, the secularization of the lands of the clergy, and a more satisfactory administration of discipline. From Bohemia the tenets of the Hussites rapidly spread to Moravia, Austria, and Hungary. But already the opponents of Rome at Prague were divided. The more lax party, which was satisfied with the letter of the Compactates, bore the name of Calixtines, (from the Chalice for which they had contended); the more strict, which indeed was not wholly free from fanatical extravagances, that of Taborites. In the contest between these two parties, the Taborites were ultimately routed and exterminated. But their place was soon taken by the “Bohemian brethren.” A more interesting record scarcely exists than that of the unaffected simplicity, the deep piety, the fervent love, and the unceasing persecutions of the “Brethren.” Had we no other evidence, even

the measures which Ferdinand I. took against these unoffending Christians would suffice to prove that this monarch was not the tolerant and liberal ruler whom M. Michiels introduces to his readers.* Thus prepared, the tenets of the Reformation found ready access in the Austrian dominions. After some wavering, the Emperor Charles V. and his brother Ferdinand I. decided against the Reformation, and those cruel measures were inaugurated by which bigotry has ever sought to establish its dominion. In 1522, Paul Speratus preached the doctrines of Luther in Vienna, and soon afterwards Caspar Tauber, and other citizens of Vienna, became its first martyrs. In Bohemia it was found impossible to suppress these tendencies, while in Hungary, which at that time was not under direct Hapsburg sway, the writings of Luther spread very early, and in 1523, Grynæus and Vieszheim, professors at Buda, pastor Cordatus, and Henkal, the chaplain of Queen Mary, openly preached the great doctrines of the Reformation. In vain King Louis and the priests of Hungary hurled "terrible edicts" against the Reformers; already pious monks—Ambrose and George of Silesia, and John Surdaster—had gained numerous converts for the truth, and plied their work under the powerful protection of Count Mark Pempflinger. Unexpected reverses for a time arrested persecution, and obliged Charles V. to accord to the Protestants the treaty of Passau (Aug. 2nd, 1552), followed by the peace of Augsburg (Sep. 25th, 1555), which secured indeed the legal recognition of the New Church, but by introducing the characteristic principle "*cujus regio, ejus religio*," gave the secular princes uncontrolled power over the consciences of their subjects. These measures, and, perhaps, a closer acquaintanceship with the doctrines of the Reformation, disposed Ferdinand I. to greater toleration. On him devolved, after the resignation of Charles V., the crown of Germany, even as long before he had reigned over the hereditary Hapsburg possessions in Germany, over Bohemia, and Hungary.

Ferdinand I. was not uninfluenced by the growing political power of Protestantism, nor by his knowledge of the corruptions of Rome. An official visitation of the Austrian clergy revealed the astounding fact that "in 122 monasteries, along with 436 monks and 160 nuns, no less than 199 concubines, 55 wives, and 443 bastards had been found, while scarcely any of the secular clergy remained unmarried." The efforts of Bishop Faber to stay the progress of the Reformation in Austria had

* See a sketch of the history of the "Brethren," in an essay entitled, 'Bohemian Reformers and German Politicians,' in the "Free Church Essays." Edinburgh Constable and Co. 1858.

proved so unavailing, that scarcely one out of thirty still professed to belong to the Old Church; though Protestantism was not legally recognized, almost all the nobility had their private chaplains, and sent their sons to study at Wittemberg or Leipsic; the monks and their ceremonies were the object of public derision; the Bishop of Vienna was about to demit his office in a diocese which no longer owned his jurisdiction, and Ferdinand himself was so deeply impressed with the necessity of reforms, that he instructed his envoys to the Council of Trent, to insist on allowing the cup to the laity, and decent marriage to the clergy. But a new period in the history of the Popish Church commenced with the introduction of the Jesuits. In Vienna, in Prague, in Hungary—in short, wherever the black fraternity gained a footing—their influence soon made itself felt, and the reaction which issued in the Thirty Years' War commenced. Ferdinand I. was succeeded both in Austria and in the empire of Germany, by his son Maximilian II. This truly liberal prince, who had been educated by Protestants, for some time kept Dr. Pfander, a Lutheran preacher, as his private chaplain. These well-known leanings exposed him to persecution at the court of Ferdinand, and in anticipation of personal danger an asylum had even been bespoken for him in Germany. But the hopes of the Protestant party were at his accession doomed to sad disappointment. Whether from natural indecision, from political motives, from disgust at the endless, unmeaning, and most acrimonious disputes among Protestants themselves, or from the influence of his wife, who was such a devotee that the Jesuits would fain have seen her canonized, even before her death—or from all these causes combined—Maximilian remained outwardly attached to the communion of Rome. While extending the utmost toleration to the New Church, and guaranteeing religious liberty to all his subjects, he allowed the sable advisers of the empress free scope both at the court and throughout his dominions. The fruits of this policy appeared under the reign of Rodolph II., his son and successor. That sovereign, whose gloomy seclusion, habitual suspiciousness, and abominable debaucheries, too clearly betrayed the mental disease under which he laboured, had been trained by the Jesuits, and so far as he busied himself with affairs of state, his administration was decidedly hostile to the Protestant Church. Protestant counsellors of state and other officials were dismissed, and the worship of the Reformers interdicted in the royal cities. The internal dissensions of the Protestants, in Austria as in Germany, greatly assisted the efforts of the Jesuits, who numbered annually from 100 to 200 converts, among them some apostate pastors. But as yet the measures of the priestly party were chiefly prepa-

ratory. To excite mutual distrust, jealousies, divisions, and tumults, and then to call in the aid of the State, promised more rapid and general success than the slower process of persuasion or of bribery. The risings of 1589, 1590, and the peasant war of 1594, which lasted for three years, and in consequence of which a "riding commission" settled Popish priests in every district, were only the prelude to those scenes which inaugurated the counter-reformation of Ferdinand II. In Hungary the consequence of this policy proved serious to Rodolph II. When in 1604, he ventured, of his own will, to add to the decrees of the Diet an article which ordered the removal of all sects and heresies, a rebellion broke out which finally led to the dethronement of Rodolph. The Imperial family had long witnessed with apprehension the mad freaks of Rodolph, and by a "family treaty" resolved gradually to deprive him of his dominions. The Hungarian troubles afforded the desired opportunity. Matthias, the brother and heir of the emperor, espoused the cause of the Protestants—at least outwardly; and at the head of an army furnished by them, obliged his brother to cede, first, the crowns of Hungary and Austria, and, finally, that of Bohemia also. The advantages which the Protestants reaped from this act of treachery were only apparent. Rodolph had, indeed, been obliged to sign the "Letters of Majesty"—the Magna Charta of religious liberty in Bohemia, while Matthias had accorded similar rights to the Protestants in Austria and Hungary; but these concessions were only wrung by the pressure of circumstances. In truth, they remained in Austria in many respects a dead letter, while in Bohemia they gave rise to the Thirty Years' War. The "Letters of Majesty," while professing to grant most ample liberty of worship to *all* parties, and in *all* places, had not made express mention of the domains of the clergy. An attempt to build churches in these localities was strenuously resisted. Matthias, to whom the Protestants appealed, took the part of the clergy. As remonstrances had proved vain, the Bohemian nobles resolved to redress their wrongs. An armed deputation appeared to remonstrate in the castle of Prague, and by way of summary punishment, the leading Popish advisers were thrown out of the windows. Thirty directors were appointed to carry on the Government, the Jesuits banished, and an army levied. Under these difficult circumstances, when the malcontents of Austria and Hungary showed signs of espousing the cause of the Bohemians, Matthias behaved with his usual irresolution. Promises alternated with threats; he negotiated, and at the same time sent marauding bands into Bohemia, till his death put the helm of the State into the hands of Ferdinand II.

With this pupil of the Jesuits, who nominated the Virgin commander-in-chief of his armies, and took a solemn vow to uproot all heresy, the counter-reformation reached its highest point. At his accession, the fortunes of the House of Hapsburg were at their lowest ebb. The violent measures by which Ferdinand had some years before swept the Protestant Church from Styria and Carinthia, destroyed its last traces, and banished all its adherents, in fulfilment of his declaration, that he would rather have "a wasted than a cursed land," had prepossessed the Protestant world against him. Bohemia was in open revolt against his rule, and a rebel army besieged him in Vienna; the Estates of Austria made no secret of their sympathy in the movement, while the ruler of Transylvania had taken arms to vindicate the liberties of the Hungarians. The good sword of Bethleu and his successors preserved the rights of the Magyars, and the fearful persecution which, during the Thirty Years' War, desolated all Germany, left Hungary comparatively unharmed, till the peace of Linz, in 1645 (between Ferdinand III. and Rakotzi), once more secured the privileges of the Protestant Church. It was otherwise in Bohemia, Austria, and even in Germany. The first care of Ferdinand II. was to procure the Imperial crown. Deserted by his own subjects, with finances utterly exhausted, and without an army to support his cause, Ferdinand betook himself to Frankfort, where the Electors had met to appoint a successor to Matthias. The Protestant opposition in Germany was headed by the weak Elector Palatine, Frederic V., the husband of our own heroic Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of James VI. But the plans of the Protestant princes—divided, helpless, or debauched—were easily defeated; the protest of the Bohemian Estates remained unheeded, and Ferdinand II. was elected to the throne of the Cæsars. On the very day of his coronation tidings arrived that the Diet of Prague had solemnly deposed him, and soon afterwards the Elector Palatine was crowned king of Bohemia. But Ferdinand had already taken his measures. By enormous concessions he bought the armed assistance of Maximilian of Bavaria, his cousin and brother-in-law, and the "Popish League" lent its aid to crush the dangerous rising. Forsaken by the "Protestant Union" of German princes, at the mercy of the endless negotiations of his father-in-law—that "wisest of fools," as Sully not inaptly called him—with an army utterly disorganized, and supplies exhausted, poor Frederic was ill prepared to meet his enemies, among whom even the Protestant Duke of Saxony appeared. The battle on the "White Mountain," near Prague, decided the fate of Bohemia. Frederic fled precipitately, and sought an asylum in Holland. Still the war continued;

the Palatine family were deprived of their possessions, which along with the forfeited electoral dignity, became the reward of Maximilian of Bavaria, and the counter-reformation commenced its bloody work in Germany. It is foreign to our purpose to trace the fortunes of that period, or to describe the unparalleled horrors of the Thirty Years' War. The battles of Tilly and Wallenstein, the victories of that glorious hero Gustavus Adolphus, the misery and desolation of Germany, where packs of wolves roamed over what had once been the most fertile districts, and soldiers had to guard burying-places, in order to scare famishing peasants from the unnatural feasts to which they crowded; finally, the peace of Westphalia, by which, in 1648, Ferdinand III. restored, to some extent, the rights violently taken away by his father, and Charles Louis, the son of the ill-starred "Winter-King" of Bohemia, recovered part of his ancestral dominions—are matter of general history. But in Bohemia and Austria the Jesuits had done their work. Those whom a short truce after the surrender of Prague had deceived, now experienced the vengeance of Ferdinand. In one day the noblest and the best of Bohemia fell under the sword of the executioner; others had their estates confiscated, or were subjected to vexatious and ruinous punishments. The charter of Bohemian liberty was torn, and commissioners, accompanied by dragoons, soon effected "the conversion" of the country. The numerous exiles who found safety in other lands—especially in the neighbouring Saxony—have left us some touching memorials of the untold sufferings to which their countrymen were subjected. From that period till the reign of Joseph II. Protestantism in Bohemia may be said to have been all but extinct. Similar measures effected the pacification of Austria Proper; the exercise of Protestantism was interdicted, preachers and schoolmasters were banished, and the revolts excited by these arbitrary proceedings quelled in the blood of the recusants. When in 1652 a commission of ten Jesuits went through the country, their inquiries could only elicit the existence of seventy-two noble families who still professed a timid adherence to the doctrines of the Reformation.

This state of matters continued with little alteration during the reigns of Leopold I. (1657-1705), and of Joseph I. (1705-1711). Under the administration of Charles VI. (1711-1740) fresh troubles broke out. In the beautiful district around Salzburg, and in the neighbouring mountains, the Reformation had early found access to a hardy, industrious, and uncorrupted race, among whom it continued to spread without for some time attracting attention. The first persecution broke out in 1684, when about sixteen hundred of these humble Christians were obliged to emigrate, being in

many cases compelled to leave not only their property but their children behind them. After that period the reigning archbishops ignored the existence of Protestant meetings, the more so as they were held secretly at night and in woods, while there was no open secession from the Church of Rome. But in 1729 Archbishop Count Firmian sent Jesuits among the unsuspecting mountaineers, and the persecutions soon recommenced. The intercession of the Protestant princes of Germany only prevailed so far that at last the dissidents were allowed to emigrate. Many of these poor people were forced to leave in the middle of winter, and amidst incredible hardships. Between 1731 and 1740 Salzburg lost in this manner nearly thirty thousand, or about one-tenth of its most industrious population; a disaster from which the country has never recovered. For the same cause the sovereign Abbot of Berchtesgaden exiled 2000 of his subjects; while, after considerable delay, about 1200 Austrian Protestants, who had hitherto worshipped in secret, were transported to Transylvania. Remonstrances addressed to the Empress Maria Theresa (1740 to 1780) were unavailing. It will readily be believed that, so far as circumstances allowed, the Church in Hungary was subjected to similar treatment. The most severe persecution was that which befell it under the reign of Leopold I., when the Jesuits contrived to throw the blame of a rebellion on the Protestant ministry generally, and thus consigned so large a number of them to exile or the galleys. Even under the sway of Maria Theresa, who was so deeply indebted to her Hungarian subjects, these molestations did not cease. But a brighter day dawned upon Austria when Joseph II. succeeded to the Empire. That prince, who in so many respects was in advance of his age, resolved to abolish the clerical domination which had so long oppressed the country. An edict, published in 1781, gave complete liberty to the Protestants throughout the Empire, allowing them to build churches, to occupy places of trust, and even to make converts. Another series of ordinances put an end to the interferences of the See of Rome, prevented the publication of any papal bull without the imperial consent, restored the independent authority of bishops, abolished a number of superstitions, closed every monastery of which the inmates were not directly engaged in some work of active usefulness, and, finally, ordered the infamous bulls, "*In cæna domini*" and "*Unigenitus*" to be torn out of the "rituals." Reforms so sweeping excited the bitter hostility of the Ultramontane party. But neither threats, entreaties, nor a personal visit from Pope Pius VI., could turn the emperor from his purpose. Without entering more fully into the history of an administration which, however glorious, was not without its mistakes, we note that, in consequence of these

liberal measures, thousands of secret Protestants in Austria and Bohemia, whose religion had been preserved from father to son, now came forward to claim the protection of the emperor. Under Leopold II. (1790-1792), and especially under Francis II. (1792-1835), a more retrograde policy was again adopted. But so long as the Hungarian Constitution remained intact, it was impossible to oppress the Church in that country. Successive Diets passed increasingly liberal ordinances; and, under the mild sway of the Palatine Joseph and of his excellent duchess, the Protestant Church, which had sunk to the lowest level of rationalism, gradually recovered, and showed signs of a new life. The former restrictions on the importation of Bibles and books from abroad remained a dead letter; the influence of a large Church re-awakening extended to the other provinces of the empire, and a better era seemed approaching. But the right of complete self-government accorded to Protestantism during the year of revolution in 1848 was of brief duration. When the treachery of Görgey put an end to the Hungarian war of liberation, the administration of the country was entrusted to Haynau, and the privileges lately enjoyed gave place to restrictions more grievous than had been experienced for two centuries. The constitution of the country was abolished, Ultramontanism, now regarded as the only secure prop of the throne, prevailed in the councils of the young emperor, and Jesuit rule was re-established. The celebrated Austrian Concordat formed only the keystone of this policy. To place the instruction of youth and the censorship of the press into the hands of the clergy, to allow the unrestricted interference of Rome in the ecclesiastical affairs of the country,—in short, to carry out in the fullest sense the retrograde measures so dear to the priesthood, was not only to arrest every progress in the monarchy, but to excite universal dissatisfaction, and to isolate Austria from the rest of Germany. The consequences of these ruinous measures have appeared in the humiliating peace of Villafranca, when the house of Hapsburg not only lost its rights in Italy, but virtually also its former commanding position in Germany and in Europe.

Meagre and somewhat desultory as this brief outline of Protestant history has necessarily been, it would be incomplete without some notice of the state of parties in Austria. The enactments of Joseph II. were in great measure the consequence of the spread of those "liberal ideas" which, issuing from France, produced throughout Europe what we might designate as an ecclesiastical reaction. In truth, deism and French infidelity rapidly spread through all classes, and deeply infected the clerical order.* That abject super-

* Of this we could, if necessary, furnish proof from personal knowledge.

stitution and gross ignorance should have led to such a recoil, can scarcely surprise the thoughtful observer. While outward rites and processions continued as before, the Popish clergy and the educated classes scarcely disguised their unbelief. The rich abbacies of Austria provided luxurious support to a crowd of men, whose lives both in and out of their monasteries were matter of painful notoriety. At the same time the Protestant Church suffered from evils scarcely less glaring. In Hungary, the ignorance, the apathy, the carelessness, and, too often, the dissoluteness of pastors and people, had long been cause of complaint, when the partial revival to which we have referred led to a happy change. Next to faithful preaching, the first care of the more earnest men in Hungary now was to improve the religious literature of the country, and, by intercourse with other Protestant churches, to introduce a higher tone. In the various universities of Germany many and valuable bursaries, specially destined for Hungarian students, have long existed. It was the policy of an absolutist and Jesuit government to prohibit attendance in these seats of learning; partly in order to prevent the spread of more liberal ideas, and partly to perpetuate the low condition of the Protestant Church. For this purpose a theological school was founded at Vienna, which may be described as the stronghold of the effete and drivelling rationalism of a Paulus of Heidelberg. From this institution or from the numerous smaller academies in Hungary, are the pastors in Austria drawn; no foreigner may be employed or is allowed even temporarily to occupy a pulpit. Government nominates the Consistory (or Supreme Ecclesiastical Tribunal) of Vienna, over which a *papist* presides; even the theological class-books are prescribed; anything like evangelical Christianity is discountenanced and persecuted; religious meetings are interdicted except at canonical hours and by Government-authorized individuals; intercourse with foreign churches is cut off; the Scottish missionaries in Hungary, whose influence had proved so beneficial, have been banished; the Synods of Hungary can no longer meet freely to order their own affairs; the censorship of the press restrains anything that might prove offensive to Rome or prejudicial to her interests; Protestants are again thrust into corners, and exposed to those endless vexations and chicaneries which the Jesuits so well know to employ. Such, then, is the present condition of the Protestant Church in Austria. Unfortunately, these evils have too long remained hidden; that noble Institution, "the Gustavus Adolphus Verein"—to which perhaps on a future occasion we may call the attention of our readers—has indeed extended help to the Protestant Diaspora in Austria; but this aid has been necessarily limited. In our own country the sufferings

of our co-religionists under Jesuit rule, and their urgent wants, have been but little known. But matters cannot continue in their present state. The late measures of the papal party have excited deep discontent even among Roman Catholics, and Austria is, we believe, in great measure prepared to throw off that yoke of an ignorant and bigoted priesthood, which has proved so galling. If the restrictions which now hamper the Protestant Church were removed, we believe it would rapidly extend and attain an unparalleled degree of prosperity. Viewed in this light, the late Italian war will, we trust, prove an occasion of real good to the monarchy. If Francis Joseph and his advisers could but learn the lessons of history,—if they would stop short in that course of suicidal policy which, by handing over the country to the Ultramontane party, has brought it to the brink of destruction,—if they inaugurated a series of progressive and generous reforms,—if, above all, they allowed the unfettered development of mind and heart,—the Austrian monarchy would not only recover from its late disasters, but, by and by, occupy that place in the European family of nations to which we believe it is fairly entitled. But in this case temporary expedients will not suffice. What we demand, in the name of the three millions of Austrian Protestants, is,—the complete removal of the present *incubus* of Government control, equal rights to all subjects, the power of free development, and that healthful communication with universal Protestantism which especially a weak and long down-trodden Church so urgently requires.

III.

DRAKE'S VOYAGES ROUND THE WORLD.

BY THE REV. J. BALDWIN BROWN, B.A.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE is typical of Elizabethan man. He was the first of his class—a class which was the most busy, daring, and successful of the actors on the theatre of Elizabethan history. The brilliant career, indomitable strength, and adventurous spirit of the great captains and discoverers of the sixteenth century, did more than Burleigh's wisdom and Elizabeth's will to lift England to the vanward place among the nations of the earth. He is, perhaps, the only great

mariner who can compete with Nelson for the honour which our laureat assigns to him :—

“Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since the world began.”

At least, he was the Nelson of his time.

The portraits which have come down to us vary considerably. Those which appear to be most authentic, present a square, sturdy, and resolute person ; the features by no means distinguished, rather of a common type, but impressed with an unmistakable stamp of power. I hardly know a face, save Cromwell's, so laden with this expression—betokening such mass and force in the nature of the man who owns it, and promising such a lordly power of control. Iron resolution, keen sagacity, complete self-possession, with a touch of dry humour, are all there, as manifest as in the face of any of the great ones whose footfall has shaken the world. I do not set him forth as the most accomplished and complete commander of his time. Probably he lacked something of the highest strain in his composition—something which Nelson had. But for all the qualities which make a leader of daring and desperate enterprise by land and by sea, none, perhaps, have matched, certainly none ever surpassed, Sir Francis Drake. His reputation was the most brilliant of his time. No Elizabethan man made his name so famous in his lifetime ; no name could bring such a glow to the cheek of his countrymen, and strike such pallor to the heart of his foes. He had in singular measure all the great qualities demanded by his vocation in an age of the most intrepid adventure—the calm vision of occasion and opportunity, which is the very prudence of daring, an almost absolute power over men, and that fell certainty of success which attends the indomitable—and which, when he was in sole command, appears never to have failed.

The date of his birth is uncertain—probably 1539 or 1541. More certain is it that Devonshire may claim him as one of her worthies. Camden stated (and many things corroborate him) that the great sailor was born of mean parents in Devonshire, and that he had for godfather, Francis Russell, Earl of Bedford, whose name he bore. The word “mean” in this account of his parentage must not be construed too absolutely ; his birth was humble, simply compared with the position to which he subsequently attained. His father must have been a man of some education, for we read that, falling into difficulties on account of his stanch Protestantism under Henry VIII. (for, as wise Dr. Fuller says, “the sting of Popery still remained in England, though the teeth were knocked out”), he fled into Kent, and became, at length, a kind of seaman's chaplain at Upnore, on the Medway ; and, being very poor, then apprenticed his son Francis to the master of a bark which traded along the coast, and sometimes stretched over to Zealand and to France. So to Kent belongs the honour of nursing him to his robust manhood. This master “held Drake hard to his business, and pains with patience in his youth knit the joints of

his soul, and made them more solid and compacted." Drake had that in him which could bear the rough discipline and profit by it, and "he so pleased the old man by his industry, that being a bachelor, he bequeathed to him the bark by will." This is the first notice of this world-famous man. It singles out his industry as his most decided characteristic. We pray our readers to mark it: we shall find it also noted in his epitaph.

It is not possible to trace the steps by which he rose to be an able and accomplished seaman. He continued for some time to carry on his coasting traffic, and saved some little money; when, hearing that Hawkins was fitting out an expedition to the West Indies, Drake sold his vessel, travelled with some other "stout seamen" to Plymouth, and there embarked his all in an adventure which gave shape to his subsequent career.

The expedition which he joined, and in which a small command was offered to him, was one of the most notable which had ever left our shores. It was the first act of that bloody struggle between Papal Spain and Protestant England, which ended in the utter and final humiliation of the world's most splendid empire, and the exaltation of this little, but free and faithful island, to the empire of the ocean, and the captaincy of the onward progress of mankind. Observe, this expedition of Hawkins did not *cause* the enmity between Spain and England, which issued in the Armada. That train had long been laid; Hawkins and Drake but fired it, and the echo of the explosion resounds still.

The expedition was bound for the Negro Coast and the Indies. Captain John Hawkins, the commander, was a stout seaman; at that time, probably, the first in reputation of all the English mariners. Perhaps he remained through life the next man to Drake in power and reputation; but though his elder, and in some sort his instructor, he was a man of an altogether lower type, of coarser grain, and of feebler fortune; fortune being in such times some fair gauge of power. The chief object of the expedition was "slaves;" the second, traffic and pillage in the Western Seas. In round terms, John Hawkins was a slaver; but so little was this traffic esteemed a dishonour in the age of Elizabeth, that a coat of arms was granted to him, by "way of increase and augmentation of honour," for having opened a new branch of trade—a part of which was "a helm, with a demi-Moor in his proper colour, bound and captive, with annulets on his arms and ears, or mantelled gules, double argent." The history of the rise of the slave trade in the sixteenth century is a very curious and interesting subject, but too large to be dealt with here. Certain it is, that both Columbus and Las Casas were moved by pity for the feeble Indian race, perishing by hundreds of thousands under the pitiless exactions of the Spanish conqueror, to look to the tougher Negro race for a supply of labour, which might save the wreck of the Indian populations; and further, it must be borne in mind, that serfdom had for ages been a familiar idea in Christendom (and the origin of European

serfdom will bear looking into, though its end was disastrous—which also holds good of many things); nor were the Elizabethans so tender hearted to human sufferings as we are, but were ready to do and bear things, the recital of which would drive our somewhat effeminate philanthropy into hysterics. All this must be borne in mind, and may serve to moderate our judgment. Still we must set the darkness of the Elizabethan age against its brightness; and this accursed traffic is the chief blot on its brilliant deeds. Drake, however, had little to do with it through life; he flew at altogether nobler game.

We must not linger over the fortunes of the expedition in Africa, where they succeeded, as they deserved, but ill in their nefarious designs. We will lift the curtain upon a nobler scene, where we may behold in full play all the brilliant and mighty qualities which make the sixteenth century the noblest hitherto of the world's history. A little squadron of three ships is entering the port of St. Juan d'Ulloa, "the port which serveth the city of Mexico." One only of the ships, the *Jesus*, sent by the Queen, and commanded by Hawkins, was of any force; her tonnage was about 700: the *Judith*, a little vessel of 50 tons, was under the command of Drake. There was at that time formal peace between England and Spain, and covenants were in force under old treaties for water and victuals for the ships of either nation in the other's ports. But choleric John Hawkins, having been refused food, water, and licence of traffic, at Rio da Hacha, had straightway stormed the town, with the loss of two men only, and helped himself at will. "Faith of treaties, my Spanish friend, or ——." The Spaniards soon learnt how to fill up the blank, the sacred art of diplomacy being then happily, or unhappily, unknown in those distant seas. Well, our three brave ships, in sore need, stand into the port of St. Juan d'Ulloa. Twelve Spanish ships lie in the harbour; the authorities mistake the Englishmen for an expected fleet from Spain, and come on board for despatches. Picture their dismay when they found John Hawkins, John Hampton of the *Minion*, and Francis Drake to meet them. They gave themselves up for lost. However, the British, who ever played an open and manly game, reassure them, demand supplies, and on assurance given let the commanders go. The next day come in sight the thirteen great ships of Spain. Hawkins shall tell the rest.

"On the morrow," says Hawkins, "we saw open of the haven, thirteen great ships, and understanding them to be the fleet of Spain, I sent immediately to advertise the general of the fleet of my being there; giving him to understand that, before I would suffer them to enter the port, there should be some order of conditions pass between us, for our safe-being there, and maintenance of peace."

There is something quite amazing in the hardihood of the British. Three ships, one only being of any force, with twelve hostile ships behind them, ruffle up to the mouth of the harbour, and blowing their matches, shout to thirteen great ships standing into their own ports, "Sheer off till we come to terms, or we fire." Amazing, truly! but, still more amazing, the thirteen ships did it. They recognized their masters, and made conditions of entry into their own ports.

Still Hawkins, though he carried so bold a front to the Spaniards, felt himself in a most dangerous position, and partly anticipated what subsequently occurred. Hawkins stipulated for liberty to trade, food at a fair price, the temporary possession of a fortified island, and the exchange of six hostages as guarantee of good faith. After some demur, the viceroy (who was on board the fleet) agreed to the conditions, though he considerably "misliked them." The master of twenty-five ships signed and sealed the conditions, and was allowed to enter his harbour; the splendid daring of the English having kept him outside for three days. Hawkins soon perceived signs of treachery. In the first place, they had dressed six common men in fine clothes as hostages, and abandoned them to their fate: then great activity was observed, both on the ships and on the shore; and the English were apprehensive that the truce would soon be violated by some sudden and treacherous blow. At length the English were fiercely assailed, at a moment when they were at every disadvantage, and a most desperate struggle ensued. The *Jesus* was so riddled with shot that the crew were compelled to abandon her, after destroying several of the largest of the Spanish ships. In the end, the *Minion* and the *Judith* managed to get off and regain England, without plunder, without stores, and with just one-sixth of the number that sailed from the British coasts. It is said that the little *Judith* was splendidly handled by Drake through the whole affair; but the accounts are confused, and it appears that Hawkins cherished some ill-feeling towards Drake for some time, for the manner in which he had removed his little ship out of the fire. Had he failed to do so, probably the whole expedition would have been lost.

This treacherous wrong on the part of the Spanish authorities, Drake never forgave. He was a hearty hater, and thenceforth, we fear, that Spaniard and devil were too nearly synonymous in his mind. He felt that he had been shamefully tricked out of honour and booty, and he firmly believed that he was thenceforth justified in seeking to repay himself out of Spanish treasure, wherever he might find it about the wide world. It is said that he got an opinion to that effect from some pliant chaplain to the fleet (could it be his father?); Drake being something of a Puritan by belief and habit, doubtless this would be a great ease to his conscience: he had his roving commission, sealed, as it were, in Heaven's Chancery, and his crusade against the Spaniard became a kind of holy war. It was a strange doctrine of the divine. However, as Fuller says,

"The case was clear in sea divinity; and few are such infidels as not to believe doctrines which make for their own profit. Whereupon Drake, though a poor private man, undertook to revenge himself on so mighty a monarch, who, not contented that the sun riseth and setteth in his dominions, may seem to desire to make all his own where he shineth. And now let us see how a dwarf, standing on the mount of God's Providence, may prove an over-match for a giant."

And it is quite possible to understand Drake's point of view. The English had played a man's part throughout: the Spaniards, the

Edward's and the knave's. There was no public law in Europe to right the matter, no public opinion to judge. It is amusing to find the dicta of international law brought to bear on this question, when it is by the strong-handed strife of such an age that international law comes to be a practical reality at all. Where were Grotius, Vattel, and Puffendorf to help him? Drake's age was stating the case for their judgment; we must not wonder if it failed to anticipate the conclusions to which by their aid Europe has arrived. There are certain fundamental rules for the intercourse of nations, which Drake conceived had been shamefully violated, and he evidently felt that his surest avenger would be his own right hand. We dare not justify him. *Now*, no doubt, we should call his career plainly piracy, just as we have come to call duelling murder, and shall one day call war a crime. We must estimate the necessities and habits of an age, in judging its great men. Perhaps Drake's conduct stands fairly square with that of David when he levied black mail from the cave of Adullam, and employed his own right hand to avenge him of wrongs which no court in this world was competent to repair; though, it must be confessed that his course stands but poorly square with those ideal Christian maxims of which so much is prated, and so little practised, in this *exalté* and elaborately virtuous age.

We have dealt on this expedition of 1567 to St. Juan d'Ulloa, with something of fulness, for it is the starting point of Drake's great career.

In 1572-3 Drake was again in the West Indies, avowedly for the purpose of reimbursing himself for the shame and loss which he had suffered at Rio da Hacha in 1565-6,* and at St. Juan d'Ulloa in 1567. The expedition was but partially successful, though some of the adventures, in which Drake's coolness and daring are conspicuous, seem scarcely credible to those who are not familiar with the history of that romantic time. Sir F. Drake, the nephew of the admiral, thus sets forth the motives which animated him to undertake this and subsequent expeditions to the Spanish main. It is interesting, because it shows how thoroughly he was convinced that Spanish treachery justified his career.

"As there is a general vengeance which secretlie pursueth the doers of wrong, and suffereth them not to prosper, albeit no man of purpose impeach them; soe there is a particular indignation ingrafted in the bosome of all that are wronged, which ceaseth not seeking by all meanes possible, to redresse or remedie the wrong received, in so much that those great and mighty men, in whom their prosperous estate hath bredde such an overweening of themselves, that they do not onlie wronge their inferiors, but despise them, being injured, seeme to take a verie unfitt course for their own safety, and farre unfitter for their rest. . . . Among the manifold examples thereof which former ages have committed to memorie, or our tyme yealded to sight, I suppose there hath not bin any more notable then this in hand, either in respect of the greatness of the person by whom the first Injurie was offered, or the meanenes of him who righteth himself: the one being (in his owne conceit) the mightiest Monarch of all the world; the other an

* Of this voyage no particulars have been preserved.

English Captaine, a meane subject of her Majesties, who, (besides the wronges received at Rio da Hacha with Captaine John Lovell in the years 65 : and 66 :) having bin grievously indamaged at St. John de Ulloa in the Bay of Mexico, with Captaine John Hawkins, in the years 67 : and 68 : not only in the losse of his goods of some value, but also of his kinsmen and friends, and that by the falsehood of Don Martin Henriques, then the Vice Roy of Mexico; and finding that no recompense could be recovered out of Spaine, by any of his owne meanes or by her Majesties letters : he used such help as he might by two severall voyages into the West Indies."

This expedition excited the greatest interest in England, as the breach between Philip and Elizabeth yearly widened, and the storm of the Armada began to lower. The people were all at church at Plymouth, when the news was spread during sermon time that Drake's squadron was entering the port. Let us hope that the preacher was the pliant chaplain, for his congregation turned out at once, *en masse*, "all hastening to see the evidence of God's love to our gracious queen and country, by the fruit of our Captain's labour and success." Drake brought home with him much treasure and much fame; and, what is more to our purpose, he brought home with him a vision of the Pacific, which haunted him continually, moving him to bear the flag of England into those tempting seas. The first vision of it seems fairly to have mastered him. Camden thus narrates the discovery :—

"Drake," he says, "roving for a time up and down in the parts adjoining, discerned from the mountains the South Sea. Hereupon, the man, being influenced with ambition of glory and hopes of wealth, was so vehemently transported with desire to navigate that sea, that falling down there upon his knees, he implored the Divine assistance that he might, at some time or other, sail thither and make a perfect discovery of the same, and hereunto he bound himself with a vow. From that time forward, his mind was pricked on continually night and day to perform his vow."

From that time, probably, we may regard the voyage round the world as in his own mind decreed. He was in no haste, however, to embark. After his return from the expedition to which I have just referred, he manned three ships and served as a volunteer, under Essex, in Ireland. There he made the acquaintance of Sir Christopher Hatton, the Queen's Vice-Chamberlain, and high in favour. He introduced Drake to Elizabeth. She seems to have discerned him at once, and marked him for high service. Queen Bess had largely that prerogative of the royal spirits, the power of discerning and engaging the alert in her service. By the Queen's countenance and secret help, he engaged in fitting out a new expedition, the object of which was kept a profound secret until it sailed. Drake contemplated nothing less than the venturing with a little English squadron into unknown seas, the gates of which were guarded jealously by the naval forces of the first maritime power of the world. It was but a little squadron. Drake took with him just five ships, of which one only, the *Pelican*, reached the burthen of 100 tons. The squadron consisted of the *Pelican*, 100 tons, Captain Drake; the *Elizabeth*, 80, Captain Winter; the *Mari-*

gold, 30, Captain John Thomas ; the *Swan*, a flyboat, 50, Captain John Chester ; the *Christopher*, 15, a pinnace, Captain Thomas Moone. The whole complement of the five ships was 164 men.

"It is worthy of note, that Drake, who was a man of severe simplicity in his personal habits, fitted up his own ship with great splendour. Neither had he omitted to make provision also for ornament and delight, carrying to this purpose with him, expert musitians, rich furniture, (all the vessels for his table—yea, many even belonging to the cooke-roome—being of pure silver,) and divers shewes of all sorts of curious workmanship, whereby the civilitie and magnificence of his native countrie might, amongst all nations whithersoever he should come, be the more admired."

The expedition sailed on the 15th November, 1577 ; but being beaten back with a great storm, in which the *Admiral* and the *Mari-gold* were partially dismasted, they could not get away finally until the 13th of December. They were off the coast of Africa on the morning of the 25th, standing on to Mogador, which the general had appointed for the first rendezvous. There they remained until the 31st, and then they set up the pinnace, which they had carried out in frame. They carried on some courteous and friendly intercourse with the Moors, "among whom," they report, "it is a law to drink no wine ; notwithstanding, by stealth, it pleaseth them well to have it abundantly, as here was experienced." They were off Cape Blanco on the 16th, and there they remained some days. As I have mentioned the slave trade, I think this significant, and for Drake's honour, it should not be suppressed. The people of the country brought down to them a woman, with a young infant at the breast, "to be sold as a horse, or as a cowe and calfe by her side, in which sort of merchandize our general would not deal." They captured some Portuguese trading ships, which they released, except one coaster of 40 tons, for which Drake gave the *Christopher* in exchange. Thence to the Cape de Verde islands, where the exquisite climate, and the splendid fertility of the soil, filled them with delight. In sailing by St. Jago, they noted a custom which has painfully intruded itself on all Protestant travellers in Catholic countries. It is thus mentioned by Fletcher, the Chaplain :—

"In sailing along the island, we perceived the inhabitants were too superstitious, according to the pope's anti-Christian traditions ; for upon every cape and small head they sett up a cross, on most whereof is engraven an evil-faced picture of Christ. One of the crosses myself and others did breake down, but with great dislike, as well to som of our own company, being so much addicted to that opinion, as the Portugalls themselves."

Off St. Jago, they captured a Portuguese ship, laden with a rich cargo of wines, provisions, and the better sort of stores, with which they furnished themselves amply ; the crew and passengers being kindly treated and sent off in the pinnace with sufficient supplies. They then steered boldly over the Atlantic for the coast of Brazil.

"During which long passage on the vast gulph, where nothing but sea beneath vs and aire abone vs was to be seen, as our eies did behold the wonderful workes of God in His creatures, which He hath made innumerable, both small and great beasts, in the great and wide seas : so did our mouthes taste, and our natures feed

on, the goodnesse thereof in such fulnesse at all times, and in every place, as if He had commanded and enjoyned the most profitable and glorious workes of His hands to waite upon vs, not alone for the reliefe of our necessities, but also to give vs delight in the contemplation of His excellence, in beholding the variety and order of His prouidence, with a particular taste of His fatherly care ouer vs all the while.'

On the 17th of February, they were under the Line, Drake having previously, careful of the health of his men, as are all great captains, bled every man with his own hand,—the principia of homœopathy, and the virtues of aconite being, alas! all unknown. On the 5th of April they made the coast of Brazil in $31^{\circ} 30'$ S., the *La Plata* having been appointed as their next rendezvous. They spent a fortnight in that river, to rest and refresh the men,—a point to which Drake always gave great attention—and then they hauled out to sea again on a southerly course. The commander was kept in constant anxiety by the separation of his ill-matched ships. It was rarely that they were all in company, and much valuable time was consumed either in searching or waiting for the truants. He resolved, therefore, to seek a convenient harbour, and there reduce the number of his ships. They searched the coast as far as 47° S., and found none convenient. This little record of Drake is interesting, as showing very clearly what manner of man he was.

"Our Generall, especially in matters of moment, was neuer wont to relye onely on other mens care, how trusty or skilfull soeuer they might seeme to be, but alwayes contemning danger, and refusing no toyle, he was wont himselfe to be one, whosoever was a second, at every turne, where courage, skill, or industry was to be employed; neither would hee at this time intrust the discovery of these dangers to anothers paines, but rather to his owne experience in searching out and sounding of them."

After beating about the coast in search of the missing ship, the Portuguese prize, rebaptized the *Mary*, (the *Swan*, the other missing ship, having been found and brought in by Captain Winter) "with hartie and often prayers, we joyned watchful industry, to serve God's providence," and "on the 19th of June, towards night, having sailed within a few leagues of Port St. Julian, we had our ship in sight, for which we gave thanks to God with most joyful minds." Drake resolved to put into Port St. Julian, where Magelhaéns had wintered in 1520, and where he had promptly suppressed a mutiny, by having the ringleader struck with a dagger to the heart. Cromwell once, when the man stepped out of the ranks to present the remonstrance of troops on the verge of mutiny, "discerning in a moment with those truculent eyes of his how matters stood, plucked out a pistol from the holster, and blew out his brains. Noll was a man fit for such things."* Magelhaéns and Drake had something of the same stuff in them too. There at Port St. Julian was transacted that "bloodie tragedie," as Fletcher calls it, which is almost without parallel in history, both as regards the difficulty of getting at the truth of the matter, the strange-

* Carlyle's "French Revolution."

ness of many of the circumstances, and the blot it has left—or has been supposed to have—on a well-nigh spotless fame. We will endeavour, as far as we can, in a few words, to lay the sum of the matter before the reader.

It appears that one Thomas Doughty sailed with Drake as one of the chief men in the expedition. He was an old friend of the general's (the term general being applied to the commander by sea as well as by land—the admiral being, strictly speaking, the leading ship, the ship to be observed), and, if he is to be believed, much respected and beloved. A brief statement of the uncontroverted facts will make the evidence which we shall have to examine more plain. What is allowed on all hands is this: After the capture of the Portuguese prize, Doughty was put on board as master. Some accusation of malversation being brought against him, Drake went on board to investigate it. He found it to be but trifling, and, though he thought it better to remove him from the *Mary*, he sent him on board the *Pelican*, to command during his absence. On board the *Admiral* he seems to have been guilty of graver faults. He was charged with what amounted to incitement to mutiny. Drake, coming on board, committed him to custody in utter disgrace. At Port St. Julian he empanelled a jury, and tried Francis Doughty on the capital charge; a verdict of guilty being returned, he had him executed there. Thus much is clear. The question which arises is this—was Doughty, who was clearly a man of character and ability, over-persuaded by some unquiet spirits in the fleet, to take the lead in a movement against Drake, which would manifestly, if successful, have been fatal to the expedition? in which case he most justly fell; or was he a man of such high ability that Drake conceived a jealousy of him, and gladly availed himself of some trumpery or fictitious charge to put him finally out of the way? The tale that Drake was the tool of Leicester's vengeance is not worthy of serious refutation.

The evidence which is accessible, we will briefly describe. Our chief authority for the facts of the expedition is a narrative published in 1628, by Sir Francis Drake, the nephew of the great admiral. On the title-page it is said to be "carefully collected out of the notes of Mr. Francis Fletcher, preacher to this expedition, and divers others his followers in the same." This may be regarded as the family narrative, founded on documents which would be easily within reach of the admiral's relatives. The tale, according to this statement, is as follows:—Drake, before he sailed from Plymouth, heard that Doughty had spoken disrespectful words of him, and uttered sentiments subversive of his authority; but, having a strong regard for the man, he passed them over, hoping "by love and benefit to remove and remedy it, if there were any evil purposes conceived against him." On the voyage he found that the mutinous spirit in Doughty was still working, in spite of the admiral's trust in giving him command of the *Pelican*; and he came to the conclusion, with much sorrow and pain, that Doughty must be dealt with sternly, or the whole enterprise would be

wrecked. He therefore gave him in charge to the captains and divers gentlemen of the expedition, "protesting his love to the misguided man, but producing the proofs of his guilt, and leaving him in their hands." Doughty was so overwhelmed by the proof produced, and so broken down by his commander's kindness, that he humbly confessed his guilt, and acknowledged himself to be worthy of death. The forty gentlemen, having heard the whole case, found him guilty of a capital crime, but left to the general the manner of his death. Drake gave him his choice—either to be executed on the island, or to be set on shore on the mainland, or to be sent back to England for the judgment of the Queen. Doughty, penetrated with remorse, chose the first alternative as the best for his soul's interest, and for the welfare of the expedition; he only supplicated that he might receive the Communion with Drake before he suffered. The rest we give in the words of the original narrative:—

"The Generall himselfe communicated at this Sacred ordinance, with this condemned penitent gentleman, who showed great tokens of a contrite and repentant heart, as one who was more deeply displeased with his owne act then any man else. And after this holy repast they dined, also at the same table together, as cheerefully in sobriety, as euer in their lives they had done aforetime: each cheering vp the other, and taking their leave by drinking each to other, as if some journey onely had been in hand.

"After dinner, all things being brought in a readines, by him that supplied the roome of the provost-Marshal; without any dallying, or delaying the time, he came forth and kneeled downe, preparing at once his necke for the axe, and his spirit for heaven; which hauing done without long ceremony, as who had before digested this whole tragedy, he desired all the rest to pray for him, and willed the executioner to do his office, not to feare nor spare."

With this account of the affair we might rest contented, but for two things: (1), the suspiciously dramatic complexion of the transaction; and (2), the discovery among the Sloane MSS. in the British Museum of the original narrative of Francis Fletcher, from which this history of the nephew is avowedly compiled, and which gives quite a different complexion to the transaction. He evidently regards Doughty as a victim, Drake as an envious persecutor, while he calls the whole affair a "bloodie tragedie," which he more than once intimates might well evoke the judgments of Heaven. He speaks of Doughty as the most exaggerated terms, and declares that he never saw so edifying an end. Added to this, there is another narrative of the voyage, by one John Cooke, which is among the Harleian manuscripts, and appears to be in the handwriting of the antiquary Stowe. This is written in a spirit of violent hostility to Drake; it accuses him of blasphemy, unmanly violence, and extreme tyranny, and of many other sins, most alien to what we know of him from sufficient and credible witnesses. I confess to a strong conviction that this narrative of John Cooke ought to be put out of court at once and summarily. The bitter hatred of the man to Drake is palpable throughout; while the signature, "John Cooke," occurs frequently at the foot of the charges on which Doughty was tried and condemned. Had Drake been anything like what John

Cooke asserts him to have been, the expedition would have found its grave on this side Cape Horn. The chaplain's narrative is the only serious difficulty, joined with the internal unlikelihood of some of the circumstances which the author of the "World Encompassed" relates. Which way does the probability lie? Altogether I conceive with the nephew's narrative. There is one great fact which to me is an invaluable clue through the mystery; I mean the communion of Drake and Doughty in the Sacrament before the execution. All the witnesses, even John Cooke, are agreed about that. It seems to me well nigh conclusive. That Doughty thereby confessed his guilt and expressed his penitence, and that he felt that a load would be lifted off his heart if the man against whom he had sinned would commune with him before he suffered, is to me undeniably plain. There is something in this death scene well nigh incredible to us in this age. So simple, so noble, so brave, on either part. And yet Drake did not dare to spare. Even a *word* about "return" could not be tolerated.

Doughty was probably but the organ of many whose hearts were failing them; England's most noble enterprise must be shamefully abandoned, or a dear life must fall. Drake was equal to the emergency. His dearest friend must perish, if the sacrifice were demanded by his country and his queen. Fletcher's name, too, occurs as a witness to almost every charge against Doughty. His conduct throughout the whole affair seems to have been most questionable. There is a curious fragment of manuscript in the Harleian Collection, from which it appears, that at some point of the voyage Drake summoned Francis Fletcher before him, and "excommunicated him out of the Church of God, denounced him to the devil and his angels, and tied a posy round his arm with this inscription, 'Francis Fletcher, the falsest knave that liveth.'"

Fortunately we have the judgments of two able and impartial contemporaries upon the whole matter, and it runs in the direction which we have indicated. Camden says —

"In this very place John Doughty, an industrious and stout man, and the next unto Drake, was called to his trial for raising a mutiny in the fleet, found guilty by twelve men, after the English manner, and condemned to death, which he suffered undauntedly, being beheaded, having first received the holy communion with Drake. And, indeed, the most impartial persons in the fleet were of opinion that he had acted seditiously; and that Drake cut him off as an emulator of his glory, and one that regarded not so much who he himself excelled in commendations for sea matters, as who he thought might equal him. Yet wanted there not some, who, pretending to understand things better than others, gave out that Drake had in charge from Leicester, to take off Doughty, upon any pretence whatsoever, because he had reported abroad that the Earl of Essex was made away by the cunning practices of Leicester."

Hakluyt to much the same effect:—

"In this port (St. Julian) our General began to inquire diligently of the actions of Mr. Thomas Doughty, and found them not to be such as he looked for, but tending rather to contention of mutiny, or some other disorder, whereby (without redress) the success of the voyage might greatly have been hazarded; whereupon the company was called together and made acquainted with the particulars of the

cause, which were found partly by Mr. Doughty's own confession, and partly by the evidence of the fact, to be true; which when our General saw, although his private affection to Mr. Doughty (as he then in presence of all sacredly protested) was great, yet the care he had of the state of the voyage, of the expectation of her Majestie, and of the honour of his countrie, did more touch him (as indeed it ought) than the private respect of one man; so that the cause being thoroughly heard, and all things done in good order, as neere as might be to the course of our laws in England, it was concluded that Mr. Doughty should receive punishment according to the quality of the offence. And he, seeing no remedie but patience for himself, desired before his death to receive the communion, which he did at the hands of Mr. Fletcher, the minister, and our General himself accompanied him in that holy action: which being done, and the place of execution made ready, he, having embraced our General, and taken his leave of all the companie, with prayer for the Queen's Majestie and our realm, in quiet sort laid his head to the block, where he ended his life."

There is, too, another piece of evidence to which sufficient importance has hardly been attached. Drake took out of the Portuguese prize a pilot who was well acquainted with the seas for which he was bound, and carried him with him. He dismissed him finally at Acapulco in the Pacific. This pilot's narrative has been published, and the Spanish historians draw from it in their account of the expedition. But they bring no charge against Drake in connection with these transactions. They assert that Doughty was put to death because he would have returned, and praise the firmness and wisdom of the course which Drake pursued. Had any charge been feasible, the Spaniards would not have failed to urge it; and it is a high testimony to Drake's clemency and kindliness that this pilot urged not one word of complaint against Drake's treatment of him on his return. It is but just to say that the last editor of the "World Encompassed," the able editor of the Hakluyt Society, leans rather to the narratives of Cooke and Fletcher; but I feel fully satisfied, from a careful estimation of the accessible evidence, that the verdict of the Elizabethan age, which is also the verdict of the Spaniards themselves, must stand.

This vital matter being settled, the *Mary* was broken up, and the fleet was reduced to three ships,—the *Pelican*, which was soon after named the *Golden Hind*, in compliment to Sir Christopher Hatton, who probably bore it on his arms, the *Elizabeth*, and the *Marigold*. The little squadron then weighed, and stood for the entrance of the Straits of Magelhaéns. They were reached on the 20th of August. The topsails were struck as they entered, in honour of Queen Elizabeth, and prayers were read, and a sermon preached, in honour of a higher King. They found much difficulty in the navigation, the Spaniards having wilfully falsified the maps; but it certainly speaks well for Drake's seamanship, that he carried his fleet through in sixteen days, fourteen days being reckoned a good passage, even at the present time.

On the 6th of September they emerged into the Pacific, and were greeted "with a most terrible storm," which drove them above one hundred leagues to the westward, and scattered the fleet. The *Marigold*, Captain Thomas, went down with every soul on board. The

Elizabeth, Captain Winter, and the *Golden Hind*, were driven about for a whole month by the fury of the storm, and at one time were as far south as 57° ; and thus, without seeking it, were the first discoverers of Cape Horn. On the 7th October the *Elizabeth* parted company, recovered the mouth of the Straits, and, her people being weary and fearful, bore up for England; there they arrived safely, but received, as they deserved, cold welcome, having abandoned their commander to his fate. Fears were entertained that Drake would never be heard of again; but he, as we shall see, was busy about deeds which were to make the whole world ring with his fame. The stormy weather continuing, Drake incurred extreme danger in searching for his consorts. For fifty-two days this tremendous storm pressed on them, and Drake was again driven south, and discovered more clearly Cape Horn. The storm having at last fairly blown itself out, the *Golden Hind* was put on a northerly course, to make the rendezvous which her captain had appointed, in lat. 30° S. on the coast of Peru. Sighting an island called Mucho, in 38° S., he endeavoured to revictual his ship. The natives at first seemed friendly, but subsequently they entrapped a boat's crew with Drake himself, and wounded every man in the boat with their arrows, the captain himself being struck under the eye and in the head. His coolness and intrepidity brought the men off, and the clement general, considering that the natives had mistaken the English for Spaniards, resolved to take no vengeance, but set sail, and reached a bay on the American coast, called Philip's Bay, in lat. 32° S. There they met an Indian chief, who offered to conduct them to Valparaiso, where they might obtain all needful stores.

Thus was Drake, in a little ship of 100 tons, ill manned and worse provisioned, and leaky through the length and stress of the voyage, alone in the midst of the Spanish settlements of the Pacific, surrounded by their ships, and cut off, by a strait which was supposed to be impassable from west to east, from the Atlantic and home. The history of the next six months is the most brilliant narrative of successful daring that I know. By this gallant enterprise of the little English war-ship and her indomitable crew, more than by any other single thing, the fate of the Spanish Armada was sealed, and the Spanish supremacy of the seas was destroyed. Drake, with his one little ship, during that six months, entered well nigh every port, rifled every treasure-ship, exacted contributions from every town, and bearded every fort and fleet of the Spaniards in those seas. His deep religious heart was stirred within him by the cruelties, atrocities, superstitions, and crimes which the Spaniards wrought there without stint or shame. To the privateer this became something like a holy war. It would be easy to prove that the English in those seas felt themselves champions of the most sacred cause of humanity, when they heard of and observed the horrible cruelty of the Spanish conquerors to the native races which were withering under their brutal yoke. Coasting along, and still searching most diligently every creek for his missing consort, he arrived

off Lima on the 15th February. This was, perhaps, his most daring enterprise. Thirty ships were in harbour there ; seventeen of them laden and ready to sail. Drake took the *Golden Hind* in without a moment's hesitation, and anchored in their midst ; then, having obtained provisions and water, they laid the ships under contribution at their leisure. Hearing there of a rich treasure-ship, the *Cacafuego*, which was the pride of the South Seas, and which had sailed only fourteen days before for Panama, they cut the cables of all the ships in port, and stood out with immense booty in chase of the great galleon of Spain. On the 1st of March they fell in with her about 150 leagues from Panama. She was boarded and carried at once, and treasure to the amount of £90,000 being transferred to the *Golden Hind*, they let her go. Drake was true to his principle of action, such as it was. He considered that he had a right to any amount of treasure, but he observed the utmost consideration and courtesy towards the men, save where wrongs came under his eye which a higher duty called on him to avenge. Standing west to avoid Panama, they obtained fresh booty, and on the 15th anchored in Guatulco (Acapulco), in $15^{\circ} 30' N.$, and, being fully laden with booty, began to consider the means of returning home.

The conclusion at which he arrived justified the terms I have again and again applied to him. I give the words of the original narrative :—

“And considering also that the time of the yeare now drew on wherein we must attempt, or of necessitie wholly giue ouer that action, which chiefly our Generall had determined, namely, the discouery of what passage there was to be found about the Northerne parts of America, from the South Sea into our owne ocean (which being once discouered and made knowne to be nauigable, we should not onely do our countrie a good and noteable service, but we also ourselues should haue a nearer cut and passage home ; where, otherwise, we were to make a very long and tedious uoyage of it, which would hardly agree with our good liking, we hauing been so long from home already, and so much of our strength separated from vs,) which could not at all be done if the opportunity of time were now neglected ; we therefore all of vs willingly harkened and consented to our Generall's aduice, which was, first to seeke out some conuenient place wherein to trimme our ship, and store ourselues with wood and water and other prouisions as we could get, and thenceforward to hasten on our intended journey for the discouery of the said passage, through which we might with joy return to our longed homes.”

To the northward then they steered. Before they left Acapulco Drake wrote a letter to Captain Winter by a ship leaving for the south, hoping that they might fall in with the *Elizabeth*, and carry information of his course. It is so simple and noble in spirit and expression, that I quote it entire :—

“Master Winter,—If it pleaseth God that you should to meete with the ship of Sant John de Anton, I pray you use him well, according to my word and promise given unto them : and if you want anything that is in this ship of Sant John de Anton, I pray you pay them double the value for it, which I will satisfie againe, and command your men not to doe her any hurt ; and what composition or agreement we have made, at my return into England, I will by God's helpe performe ; although I am in doubt that this letter will never come to your hands ; notwith-

standing, I am the man I have promised to be, beseeching God, the Saviour of all the world, to have us in his keeping,—to whome only I give all honour, praise, and glory.

"What I have written is not only to you, Master Winter, but also to M. Thomas, M. Charles, M. Caube, and M. Anthonie, with all our other good friends, whom I commit to the tuition of him that, with his blood, redeemed us, and am in good hope that we shall be in no more trouble, but that he will helpe vs in adversitie, desiring you, for the passion of Christ, if you fall into any danger, that you will not despaire of God's mercy, for he will defend you and preserve you from all danger, and bring us to our desired haven; to whom be all honour, glory, and praise, for ever and ever. Amen.

"Your sorrowfull captain, whose heart is heavy for you,

"FRANCIS DRAKE."

As they sailed northward they were both surprised and distressed by the bitter cold of the weather. Even in 42° N. the cold was more intense than any of them had ever known, though some of them had been as far north as 72°. But Drake's courage failed not in the least, and the original narrative shows to us by what means the Elizabethan captains were wont to rehearten their men:—

"Yet would not our General be discouraged, but as wel by comfortable speeches, of the Diuine prouidence, and of God's louing care ouer his children, out of the Scriptures, as also by other good and profitable perswasions, adding thereto his own cheerful example, he so stirred them vp to put on a good courage, and to quite themselves like men, to endure some short extremity to haue the speedier comfort, and a little trouble to obtaine the greater glory, that euery other man was thoroughly armed with willingnesse and resolved to see the uttermost, if it were possible, of what good was to be done that way."

And this seems to be a fair occasion to say a word on Drake's religious principles and life.

He was engaged at this time on an expedition which even mild judges would consider as closely bordering on the piratical. He was deeply laden with booty to which he had helped himself without scruple all through the Spanish main. Yet here we find him nobly sustaining his men out of God's Word, and through life referring his actions habitually to the judgment and approval of Christ. What are we to say of his Christianity? Muscular, certainly! It could take in with a good conscience all the bold and strong-handed deeds of a stormy life and a stormy time. Neither the blood of battle nor the spoils of war came amiss to it, nor stern vengeance, nor fierce hate of what should be hateful to all good men. And yet do not confound it with the muscular Christianity of the school which is rising to some strength among us, which seems to preach the pride of the flesh as one of the central doctrines of Christ's Gospel; and whose creed, if fairly written out, would apparently be something like this—"I believe in a Christian six-foot-two, who can pull stroke in the Oxford eight, or bowl in the All England eleven, or who can fell a London drayman at a blow." Perhaps Drake could have done all this; certainly he did much more; but he did not regard these things as specially his God-given vocation. His whole life was muscular, everything which he did

was forceful, and his religion got married *naturally* to a thousand strong-handed things which it belonged to the man and to his age to do ; but it was not specially yoked on to jots of proud force or daring, and paraded with a—"See how muscular my Christianity is !" before the face of an admiring because feeble and flaccid world. I rather fear this homage to the "pride of the flesh," which is characteristic of a reigning school. I do not read that strength of the flesh was one of the leading strengths of our Lord. I have read of it in pagan schools, I have heard that it is throned on Olympus, but not in the school of Christ—not among the white-robed in heaven. There can be no question that Drake was a deeply religious, as well as a generous, patient, and clement man. We shall see yet other proofs of it before we are round the world.

They held on their course until they reached 48° , and then even Drake felt that they must turn south. The cold was too intense for even his hardy crew to struggle with. Standing about, they found the harbour of San Francisco, in $38^{\circ} 30'$, and there they remained some time, taking possession of the harbour and country, which they named New Albion, for the queen. Very full of interest is the narrative of their stay there. The pagan Indians found them out, and would persist in worshipping them as gods ; and there is something very noble and very beautiful in the tenderness and earnestness with which Drake and his crew sought to lead their thoughts up to the living and the true God, while they ministered with sagacious kindness to all their present needs. Their chief trouble with the Indians was our chief trouble—interminable talk. The Indians (sorrow to Drake) were eloquent, and they knew it, and persisted in discoursing largely of unintelligible things. Poor Drake was as puzzled as we are to stop the flood of weary talk with which eloquent individuals in pulpits, hustings, platforms, parliaments, and even judgment-seats, are flooding us. Drake, sitting in state, and looking as edified as possible, while an Indian spoke for half an hour with faultless fluency, in a tongue wholly unintelligible, the savages keeping up a running accompaniment of delighted "Oh's !" when some grand point was made by the orator—might sit for the portrait of the much-be-talked generation in which our part of the great world-drama has to be played. But the kindly, loving, trust-inspiring ways of the English with the savages stands in grand contrast to the bloody and lustful records of the colonial empire of Spain. If you want to know why God's hand was against the Armada and with the English, read Las Casas and read Drake ; and part of the reason, at any rate, will be plain.

On the 23rd of July they sailed ; the pitiful sorrow of the Indians at their departure being the best testimony how purely, justly, chastely, and kindly the English had had their conversation among them. Drake's course was by this time fully decided. He abandoned the idea of a passage round the North of America as impracticable. Indeed the trending of the coast to the N. W. seems to have raised a question in his mind as to whether there were a passage at all. Fearing that

the fame of his exploits had led to the concentration of a Spanish squadron, with the view of intercepting his return, he adopted a resolution, of which we can only say that it was like himself—to push over the Pacific, and complete his glorious enterprise by the circumnavigation of the world. In sixty-eight days they stretched over the waste of waters, steering by a “card,” which he had obtained from a Panama captain, and hoping to make the Philippine Isles. Passing some islands in the Pacific, which for the best of reasons they named the Thieves’ Islands, they made the Philippines on the 16th of October, 1579; and on the 3rd of November they made the Moluccas, where they met with a most magnificent reception from the king. We must not dwell upon it, but only note, to Drake’s honour, that the son of this King of Ternate, writing many years afterwards to King James, thus records the impression which Drake had left behind him there:—

“Hearing of the good report of your Majesty by the coming of the great Captain, Francis Drake, in the time of my father, which was about some fifty years past: by the which captain my predecessor did send a ring unto the Queen of England, as a token of remembrance between us; which, if the aforesaid Drake had been living, he could have informed your Majesty of the great love and friendship of either side; he in behalf of the Queen, my father for him and his successors; since which time of the departure of the foresaid Captain, we have daily expected his return, my father living many years after, and daily expecting his return: and I, after the death of my father, have lived in the same hope, ’til I was father of eleven children; in which time I have been informed that the English were men of so bad disposition, that they came not as peaceable merchants, but to dispossess us of our country; which, by the coming of the bearer hereof (Captain Middleton), we have found to the contrary, which greatly we rejoyce at,” &c. &c.

He sailed November 9th. On the 11th he anchored under a small island of the Celebes group, where they stayed some days to repair damages and to refit. Their description of the island and its riches is very glowing, but we must not linger. They sailed on the 12th of December, and on the 9th of January, while they were running under all sail, during the night, they suddenly struck on a rocky shoal, and stuck fast. They gave themselves up for lost, and it is well worth our while to mark closely how such men demeaned themselves in such a case. Like men, we may be sure; but we should hardly be prepared for all which the narrative reveals:—

“The vnexpectednesse of so extreame a danger, presently raised vs vp to looke about vs, but the more we looked the lesse hope we had of getting cleere of it againe, so that nothing now presenting itselfe to our mindes, but the ghastly appearance of instant death, affording no respite or time of pausing, called vpon vs to deny ourselues, and to commend ourselues into the mercifull hands of our most gracious God: to this purpose wee presently fell prostrate, and with ioyned prayers sent vp vnto the throne of grace, humbly besought Almighty God to extend His mercy vnto vs in his sonne Christ Jesus, and so preparing as it were our neckes vnto the blocke, we euery minute expected the finall stroake to be giuen vnto us.

“Notwithstanding that we expected nothing but imminent death, yet (that we might not seem to tempt God, by leauing any second meanes vnattempted which He afforded,) presently, as soon as prayers were ended, our Generall (exhorting vs

to haue the especiallest care of the better part, to wit, the soule, and adding many comfortable speeches, of the ioyes of that other life, which wee now alone looked for) encouraged vs all to bestirre ourselues, showing vs the way thereto by his owne example; and first of all the pump being well plyed, and the ship freed of water, we found ovr leakes to be nothing increased, which though it gaue vs no hope of deliverance, yet it gaue vs some hope of respite, insomuch as it assured vs that the bulke was sound, which truely we acknowledged to be an immediate prouidence of God alone, insomuch as no strength of wood and iron could haue possibly borne so hard and violent a shooke as ovr ship did, dashing vnder full saile against the rockes, except the extraordinary hand of God had supported the same.

. Our miserie beeing thus manifest, the very consideration whereof must needs haue shaken flesh and bloud, if faith in God's promises had not mightily sustained vs, we passed the night with earnest longings that the day would once appeare; the meane time we spent in often prayer and other godly exercises, thereby comforting ourselues, and refreshing our hearts, struing to bring ourselues to an humble submission vnder the hand of God, and to a reffering ourselues wholly to his good will and pleasure. The day therefore at length appearing, and it being almost full sea about that time, after we had giuen thanks to God for his forbearing of vs hitherto, and had with tears called vpon Him to blesse our labours; we again renewed our trauell to see if we could now possibly find any anchor hold, which we had formerly sought in vaine. But this second attempt. proued as fruitlesse as the former, and left vs nothing to trust to but prayers and tears, seeing it appeared impossible that euer the forecast, counsell, pollicie, or power of man could euer effect the deliuey of our ship, except the Lord onely miraculously should do the same.

"It was therefore presently motioned, and by generall voice determined, to commend our case to God alone, leauing ourselues wholly in His hand to spill or saue vs, as seeme best to his gracious wisdom. And that our faith might bee the better strengthened, and the comfortable apprehension of God's mercie in Christ be more clearely felt, we had a Sermon, and the Sacrament of the bodie and bloud of our Sauour celebrated. The manner of our deliuey (for the relation of it will especially be expected) was onely this. The place whereon we sate so fast was a firme rocke in a cleft, whereof it was we stucke on the larboard side. At low water there was not aboue sixe foote depth in all on the starbord, within little distance as you haue heard no bottome to be found; the brize during the whole time that thus we were stayed, blew somewhat stiffe directly against our broadside, and so perforce kept the ship upright. It pleased God in the beginning of the tyde, while the water was yet almost at lowest, to slacke the stiffenesse of the wind; and now our ship, who required thirteen foot water to make her fleet, and had not at that time on the one side aboue seuen at most, wanting her prop on the other side, which had too long already kept her up, fell a heeling towards the deepe water, and by that meanes freed her keele, and made us glad men.

"This shoale is at least three or foure leagues in length; it lies in 2°, lacking three or four minutes, South latitude. The day of this deliverance was the 10th of January."

On the 14th of March they reached some port on the south of Java, and were most hospitably entertained. There they took in what supplies they might need for their long homeward voyage; and on the 26th they weighed for England. The Cape of Good Hope was passed on the 15th of June, within cannon-shot, but they would not land. On the 22nd they touched at Sierra Leone for wood and water, and on the 26th of September—

"We safely with joyfull minds and thankfull hearts to God, arrived at Plymouth, the place of our first setting forth, after we had spent two yeares, ten months, and some few odde daies besides, in seeing the wonders of the Lord in the deep, in discovering so many admirable things, in going through with so many strange aduen-

tures, in escaping out of so many dangers, and overcoming so many difficulties in this one encompassing of this neather globe, and passing round about the world, which we haue related.

"Soli rerum maximarum Effectori,
Soli totius mundi Gubernatori
Soli suorum Conservatori,
Soli Deo sit semper gloria."

Drake was received at Plymouth with intense enthusiasm, the whole town was wild with joy. Since Captain Winter's return he had been given up for lost. The church bells rang the whole day through; on the next day the simple-minded seaman went up to Tavistock, to show his respect to the old residence of his parents; and then, having been feted by the West-country people, he navigated the *Golden Hind* to London. It is said that the booty on board was of the value of £1,000,000. The queen hardly received him as cordially as he had hoped. The truth is, that Drake's free and easy ways in the Pacific were likely to produce serious complications with Spain. His splendid success embarrassed her; but she marked him well, and held him ever after in high honour as one of the chief men of her realm. It was not till the next year that, dining at Deptford, she entered his famous ship with which he had "ploughed a furrow round the world," and knighted him with her own hand. How he served her at Cadiz, and in the great Armada fight, is too well known for me to need to dwell upon it here—how he died, I have briefly to tell.

In 1595 Drake sailed with Hawkins, his old friend and commander, for the Spanish main: it proved the grave of both. The last scene is thus simply chronicled:—

"On the 15th of January, on their way towards Puerto Bello, Captain Plat died of sickness, and then Captain Drake began to keep his cabin, and complain of a scouring or fluxe. On the 23rd they set sail, and stood up again for Puerto Bello, which is but three leagues to the westward of Nombre de Dios. On the 28th, at 4 of the clock in the morning, our General, Sir Francis Drake, departed this life, having been extremely sicke of a fluxe which began the night before to stop on him. He used some speeches at or a little before his death, rising and apparelling himselfe, but being brought to bed again, within one hour he died. They moved on to Puerto Bello, and after coming to anchor in the bay, and the solemn burial of our General in the sea, Mr. Bride made a sermon, having to his audience all the Captains in the fleete.

Shortly before, another of the Elizabethan great ones fell,—a man who had all Drake's courage and conduct, and who was besides a chivalrous gentleman, which Drake was not. Sir Richard Grenville, perhaps the noblest and purest spirit of that age—the Sydney of the sea—thus yielded up his life to God:—

"In 1591, Sir R. Grenville was serving in an English fleet against Spain. They were assailed by a Spanish fleet of far superior force, and worsted. But Sir R. Grenville, in his good ship the *Revenge*, refused either to strike or to fly. He bad the gunner sink the ship rather than yield—but he was overruled by the crew. After inflicting the most tremendous chastisement on the Spanish fleet,—it is said that he was engaged with no less than 15 ships,—the *Revenge* was taken, but she was so crippled that she soon after went down with 200 Spaniards, when Sir

Richard Grenville was carried, mortally wounded, on board the Spanish Admiral's ship, where he was treated with distinguished honour. But in a few days he felt that death was at hand, and spoke these memorable words in Spanish, that all who heard him might bear witness to their fervour:—"Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind: for that I have ended my life as a good soldier ought to do, fighting for his country, queen, religion, and honour: my soul willingly departing from this body, leaving behind the lasting fame of having behaved as every valiant soldier is in duty bound to do."

Drake, Hawkins, Grenville, gone, England might seem poor indeed. But the work was done. Spain was broken utterly, and that spirit was kindled in Englishmen, of which the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar are the direct and inalienable fruits. That supremacy which Drake, more than any other, won for us, has never been shaken. Numbers are nothing, as of old, where English seamanship has room. Drake brought us to the vanward as a nation, where he ever himself loved to be. We have maintained the post in many a bloody struggle, with the world in arms against us; and an Englishman may be pardoned for believing that we shall maintain it while the world endures. The epitaph of Drake, by two able contemporaries, may fitly bring this paper to a close:—

"He was more skillfull in all poyntes of nauigation then any that ever was before his time, in his time, or since his death; he was also of a perfect memory, great obseruation, eloquent by nature, skillfull in artillery, expert and apt to let bloud, and give physick unto his people according to the climate; he was low of stature, of strong limbs, broad breasted, round headed, browne hayre, full bearded, his eyes round, large, and clear, well favoured, fayre, and of a cheerfull countenance. His name was a terror to the French, Spanyard, Portugall and Indians. Many princes of Italy, Germany, and other, as well enemies as friends, in his life time desired his picture. He was the second that euer went through the Straights of Magellanes, and the first that euer wente rounde about the world: he was lawfully married unto two wives, both young, yet he himself and ten of his brethren died without issue: he made his younger brother Thomas his heire, who was with him in most and chiefeest of his employmentes; in briefe, hee was as famous in Europe and America as Tamberlayne in Asia and Africa.

"In his imperfections he was { Ambitious for honour,
Unconstant in amity,
Greatly affected to popularity.

"He was fifty and four years old when he died."

"If," says Fuller, "any should be desirous to know something of the character of Sir Francis Drake's person,—he was of stature low, but set and strong grown: a very religious man towards God and his houses, generally sparing the churches wherever he came: chaste in his life, just in his dealings, true of his word, merciful to those that were under him, and hating nothing so much as idlenesse. In matters (especially) of moment, he was never wont to rely on other men's care, how trusty or skilful soever they might seem to be, but always contemning danger and refusing no toyl: he was wont himself to be one (whoever was a second) at every turn, where courage, skill, or industry was to be employed."

Verily, "there were giants on the earth in those days."

IV.

SUN PICTURES.—II.

BY MARY HOWITT.

We have left the miller now for some time, and having reached the top of the long ascent, find a cold bleak region lying beyond, still ascending to the distance of several miles, and the higher we go, the keener the air becomes. A wind like that of March careers along, sweeping up eddies of dust from the hard, rocky, and uneven road. The trees are become much more scattered, and have that dwarfish, weather-driven look, peculiar to trees on high and bleak situations. Formerly this part of Staffordshire was called "the Moorlands," and very wild, hard, and uncultivated was the life of its inhabitants. Great crimes were committed amongst them; crimes of a savage character, originating in the sordid spirit of their lives, and the gross ignorance which prevailed everywhere; they were not of frequent occurrence, perhaps, but never died out of the memory, and furnished inexhaustible topics of talk for the winter fire-side, or of brooding thought in the wild Moorland fields, and thus probably became the seed of further crime. Our own ancestors, by the father's side, came from a wild place called the Foxholes, some miles beyond Waystones; and though the property had been out of our family for two generations, yet thither it was that we were now bound. To visit this old home of our family, of which we still possessed old writings, dating back as far as Richard III., together with many curious family papers of a much later date, was, in fact, the object of this little excursion.

As we advanced higher and higher, the evening air grew ever keener and colder, and the sun setting with a chilly uncertain light, amid cold grey clouds, we soon found that the miller's three miles seemed likely to lengthen out considerably; for after we had gone, as we imagined, nearly that distance, we were told still, "about three miles," and, indeed, so it must be, if yon scattered village of stone houses, standing high on what must have been formerly the bleak Moorland edge, be, as we are now told, Waystones. On we go, the few people we still meet having still the look of miners, but uncouth and rude like the character of the scene. And now an open carriage passes us; a large, yellow, ill-kept, old carriage, dating back, it may be, to the cultivation of these Moorlands. A gentleman and a boy, his son probably, are in the carriage, and a slovenly man, like a farm-servant, drives. The cold air blows little clouds of dust along the hard, stony road; long shadows are cast in the cold white light of the setting sun, and the gentleman and the boy in the old yellow carriage cannot comprehend what has caused two ladies, one with two light umbrellas in her hand, the other with a very small travelling bag, to be walking towards Waystones. Strangers are scarce

here, no doubt ; and as long as the carriage is in sight, we are evidently objects of wonder and conjecture to its occupants.

On we go, still ascending. The sun has now sunk below the horizon ; the wind blows colder and wilder. We pass hard-featured, clay-be-smearred men, leaning to talk over field gates, who stop their talk and watch us with rude wonder as we pass ; but they venture upon no remarks. There is an uncouth, hard element about them, which corresponds with the character of the country,—its bleakness, its stone walls, and its half cultivation. Now we reach the first scattered houses of Waystones ; the doors are open, and dust-coloured children are playing on the door-steps. Untidy girls are nursing babies, and women with folded arms, or each with her baby, are leaning against their doors, scolding or gossiping. Both the girls and the women are remarkable for their dismal finery ; flounced barège dresses in tatters, and tawdry flowers in their filthy caps. It is like a wretched portion of London, transported bodily to these high, black, moorland regions. We begin to feel anxious about our night's lodging, and inquire for the Black Bull. But the Black Bull is at the farther end of the village, and we go on more hopefully. On we go, still ascending, seeing nothing on either hand but the same unattractive features.

At length we reach a point where the road divides with an acute angle, enclosing a triangular, or wedge-shaped little field, along one side of which towers up a remarkable row of tall, weather-beaten, and very picturesque Scotch fir trees,—the only trees in or about the village. Along the top of the little field stretches the front of a cheerful stone house, standing on the road-side, and divided from the field by green painted iron pallisades. Cheerful white blinds are in the windows, and a large sign of a black bull's head at the corner raised our drooping spirits, for here assuredly is better hope of entertainment than we might have expected.

The front door of the "Black Bull" opens into a little passage, on the right and left of which lie two rooms. On the left, the door is closed ; the right-hand room is open, and shows a large, brick-floored better kitchen, or common parlour, and a man at work covering a sofa, with large-patterned, many-coloured drugget. We ask to see the landlady ; and the landlord makes his appearance, with an old greasy cap on his head, from a back room where several men sit drinking. We again desire to see the landlady, stating our intention of passing the night there. He looks inquiringly at us, as if considerably puzzled, says nothing, but coming into the little passage by which we have entered, endeavours to open the left-hand door, finds it fastened within, and retires. The next moment bolts are withdrawn on the other side, and we enter into another brick-floored parlour, but evidently of a higher grade, the atmosphere of which is stiflingly hot and close, and everything covered with dust. Here the landlady, being summoned by her husband, appears, and both stand before us, eyeing us with silent but close scrutiny. Is it possible we think, that they question our respectability ; two ladies coming thus on foot ? and we say that we

were recommended to come to Mr. Malkin's or Mawkin's, of the "Black Bull," by the Rev. Mr. Coldwell, of Combe, a village at no great distance. "Mawkin, indeed!" exclaim both husband and wife, with something of scorn. "Mawkin had not lived there for nearly a year; everybody knew that! Mawkin and his wife quarrelled; Mawkin was bankrupt; Mawkin was a disreputable fellow, and his wife was his match,—and he had not paid eighteenpence in the pound!" "Oh, indeed!" we say, somewhat crest-fallen. "If you want Mawkin, you should not come here!" said the burly landlord. "I'm John Strut, Mr. Strut, as I may say, butcher and farmer, of Waystones, and own some of the best property in the place." We are glad to hear it; but we are tired, we say; have walked from —, wish to see our bed-room, and want our tea. This we address to the landlady, a stout, rather comely woman, with everything which she wore awry. But we have not yet passed through a sufficient examination. And now both husband and wife question us as to the identity of our clerical friend. "Coldwell!" they repeat. They know no *Coldwell*—not even of Combe. They know *Hotwell*—perhaps we might mean him, the Rev. Mr. *Hotwell*, of Waystones; at least, who ought to be living at Waystones; but *Coldwell* they ignore altogether; and *Hotwell* knew as well as they did, that Mawkin did not keep the "Black Bull!"

During this discussion, though we apparently come off with anything but flying colours, we are scrutinized from head to foot, by husband and wife; and the conclusion arrived to in both minds, probably communicated by some telegraphic sign, being favourable, we are conducted by the landlady up-stairs into a room which astonishes us; so cheerful and homelike is its aspect, so different the bare brick floor and vulgar style of the room below. Here a short, buxom young woman, the landlady's daughter, is putting up a clean, nicely-fringed roller blind, and we are now informed that they are preparing for Whitsuntide, when the great club, a hundred and eighty, dine there. The room is wainscoted, and painted of a soft grey, with white mouldings: the bed hangings are grey and white damask, which, in its woven pattern, represents orchard-boughs laden with fruit; quaint, but not disagreeable. A series of Westall's prints, storms in the harvest field, and other such subjects, together with a handsome glass case of stuffed game birds, are the ornaments of the room; while the other furniture is good, and in excellent keeping. It is like the guest-chamber of some country parsonage, and we express our unqualified approbation of everything, excepting a gentleman's carpet bag, boots, and sundry toilet articles, which betoken previous occupation. "Yes," the landlady says, "a mining gentleman engaged the room three days before, had slept there one night, but is now gone somewhere; if he returned she will find him quarters elsewhere." With this assurance, therefore, and requesting that all his luggage be carefully removed, we joyfully take possession, and order our tea.

Returning to our dusty, brick-floored parlour, the atmosphere of which is much more bearable from the fresh air we admitted before

leaving it, we find, though the dust still remains unremoved, a remarkably well appointed tea set out for us. Since we have been upstairs, the large wainscot cupboard with its glazed front, in the fashion of country public-houses, has been opened, and from the grand display of Sheffield plated goods, tankards, tea-pots, waiters, &c., the best paraphernalia has been brought forth, and together with white and gold china, presents a very inviting array; to all which are added hot buttered toast, thick country cream, a wholesome loaf of home-baked bread, butter in pretty little pats, new laid eggs, and fragrant tea of such extraordinary strength, that we dare not venture upon it without an additional supply of water. We look on in astonishment, and can but express our pleasure to the buxome young girl, in her grey barège flounced dress, the landlord's daughter, who smilingly waits upon us. She evidently takes great pleasure in us, and intends to do her best for us, and as a mark of her good-will grows confidential; tells us of the Mawkins's, who were "scandalous people," and that they themselves were not brought up to "the public line;" that they came to the Black Bull about a year ago; that they were all born and bred in Waystones; that she and her mother had never in their lives been further than the next town, seven miles off; her father had been to Manchester, but to London—no never! That it was a very busy, tiring life, that of the public line, that they never could go to bed early, not till "the company" was gone, and on Sunday mornings consequently it frequently was three o'clock in the morning before they were in bed, because it was a rule never to disturb "the company." But, did she really like "the company?" we ask; "for instance, is it not disagreeable to hear a man shouting and noising as the man is now doing who has been drinking, and shouting, and noising ever since we came into the house?" "Bless you!" she replies, smiling, as if compassionately upon us, "that is only Mester Brassy! He is, to be sure, a noisy old gentleman; but there is no harm in him! The worst of it is," she says, "that it is so difficult to get a servant, and therefore she has such a great deal of work to do. Why now, look at me," she says, dropping her arms, holding them apart from her person, and spreading out her hands, "I've never cleaned myself since morning! I'm just as I was when I got up!" She did not look dirty nor untidy by any means; and her smart grey barège looked much more like an afternoon than a morning working dress. Of course we expressed our condolence, whereupon she assured us, that a servant had come, quite unexpectedly just before we arrived; that she had offered herself ten days before; she had no character; but her mother engaged her, and as she did not make her appearance, they had given her up. She had come, however, with her boxes and all, just before we came, which was very odd; did we not think so? We cannot but be struck with the remarkable coincidence; after which, this communicative damsel confides to us various other interesting facts, such as that she was at the boarding school at Waystones, but only as a day scholar; that they expected her cousin "Sam" at

the club-dinner ; that Sam was a farmer at Windy Head, near Rams, and that he kept as many as fourteen cows ; her father had "better than a hundred and twenty acres, and Sam had about ninety." These two numerical facts are not, however, communicated until various little sums in simple addition had been gone through.

"I know it's that, or more," added she. The bulk of this long communication, however, was not made until, our tea being completed, she came to carry the things away.

The noisy old gentleman, Mester Brassy, becoming noiser and noiser the dusker it grew, and finally the miller and his fat horse and flour sacks having arrived at the Black Bull, he too, and sundry other men, as we were informed, were drinking with him. "What a foolish noisy man he is !" we said to our pretty waitress. "It is a pity that there is no one to send him about his business." "Oh, bless you !" she said again, compassionating our ignorance, "he has sons at home to mind his business !" Again we stood reproved before her, and she carried out the last remains of our tea equipage.

Wishful to know something of our morrow's journey to the Foxholes, we requested the landlord's company for a few moments, and he entered in his short coat and with his greasy cap on his head ; nor was he less communicative than his daughter. He promised to put us in the best and shortest way to the Foxholes in the morning, and he branched off in every variety of subject. We had mentioned Mr. Coldwell the Rev. ; he had spoken of Mr. Hotwell the Rev. There was a feud between the parish of Waystones and Mr. Hotwell ; but he did not live there, though his church was there ; but at Rams. "Rams ?" we asked, "where was that ?" remembering what we had just heard of Cousin Sam of Windy Head. "Rams," said the landlord, advancing to the window, "is yonder church that you see over the hill through the fir trees." We saw it ; we had seen it all the way on our long walk to Waystones ; it was the strange, tall, melancholy grey stone tower that looked like a land-mark. "Yes, he lived at Rams ; there was service at Rams and Waystones morning and afternoon alternately. But Mr. Hotwell said that there was no house good enough for him at Waystones, and yet our friend the landlord assured us that he himself had given notice to his own best tenant, who lived in one of the best houses in Waystones, to quit, that it might be ready for Mr. Hotwell ! But no ! he would go to Rams, and to Rams he went ! And he, Mr. Strut, of the Black Bull, felt himself much aggrieved. Of course we could not do otherwise than take Mr. Strut's view of the subject, especially as he assured us that he owned some of the best houses in Waystones, that he was a butcher, and farmer, and farmed "better than a hundred and twenty acres of land ;" nevertheless we very humbly suggested that perhaps Mr. Hotwell, who, according to his account, had a wife and nine children, might prefer locating them at Rams, seeing that the population of Waystones and its neighbourhood appeared anything but attractive : and with that we were informed regarding Waystones, that it belonged to small proprietors ; people owned their houses and a

few acres of land, and that "everybody was very well-to-do." And again our informant told us about his own houses, "Some of the best in Waystones! Everybody liked to be his own landlord; that was the way here; it was more independent like. No, there was no Squire, nor great landed proprietor, nearer than Squire Biles, of Beak, and that was six miles from Waystones." We asked, if the people were thus independent and landed proprietors, how it was that we had seen so much appearance of squalor? and the reply to our inquiry was that the men were mostly miners, and earned good wages—from a pound to thirty shillings a-week, but that they spent it as it came; and the women loved fine clothes. They did not save; but they were not badly off. "No doubt they visited the public-houses?" we said, remembering that we trod upon delicate ground; "were there many in the village?" "Yes, five, and all pretty well frequented." "No doubt," we again suggested, "that they liked jovial companions, like those who were at that time carousing in his own kitchen?" and we modestly suggested that if the noise, which was then growing ever louder, continued, there would not be much chance of sleep. The landlord replied, as his daughter had done before, that "It was only Mester Brassy, who was a very good sort of man; he had his drinking bouts everyone knew, once and awhile, and that you would not, perhaps, see him within the ale-house door for months after that; but he liked his glass, and when he was a little fresh he treated everybody that came near him, so there was naturally a good batch of them now together. But he was a very good sort of man, no better in Waystones."

The full moon lighted up the vast landscape, and the little triangular field, the dusty road, the long line of picturesque fir trees, and the distant grey tower of Rams church as we went to bed, but not to sleep, so vociferous waxed the merriment of Mr. Brassy, and his drinking friends, to which was added the accompaniment of an accordion, which filled up every pause, and perhaps softened the louder tones of the Bacchanals. But no trouble can last for ever; and at length, when we had turned over in despair, for the hundredth time, a sudden silence fell upon everything. The Brassy-Bacchanals and the see-sawing accordion were equally hushed; first one door banged, then another; first below, then above, after which the silence of midnight lay over all.

Next morning, waking in our orchard bed, we found it high time to rise. We had slept profoundly: it was nearly the breakfast hour which we had mentioned over night, and we rose hastily. The morning was grey, and almost threatened rain. The aspect of everything in and about Waystones looked grey. The absence of clergyman or other spiritual teacher—for we had been told the night before, that there was not even at this place the methodist chapel or school usually to be met with in similar districts—the absence of any man or woman superior to the sordid small proprietor who scrapes together money to purchase his house and field, and drinks all the rest—gave a picture of a low religious, moral, and intellectual state, which had little joy or comfort in it. But we had no time for moralizing at the moment, and has-

tened our toilets. Before, however, they were completed, we see coming up the dusty road on the right hand of the triangular field three dust-coloured objects, which, as they approach the top of the road and the corner of the house, resolve themselves into a boy of about twelve, in a dirty, drab-coloured smock-frock and old drab wide-awake, and a girl of about the same age, in an old drab gauze or barège frock, with dirty blue ribbon bows down the front, and an old dust-coloured bonnet stuck on her head, together with a donkey, dust-coloured like themselves, wearily bearing on its back a wooden pack-saddle, on which was piled about half a hundred-weight of coal. On they came till they reached the very front of our window, when the boy ran on, leaving the girl and ass. At this moment, however, a remarkable circumstance occurred, which was quite beyond the comprehension of the girl. The ass would not move; in vain she pulled it forward, in vain she beat it; advance it would not; and the reason why was at once evident. The wooden pack-saddle had become slightly overbalanced in straining up the lane. The ass knew, by its own instinct, that if it attempted to move, the load would tumble over. Seeing plainly, from our elevation, the catastrophe which was at hand, we open our window, and tell the child to let the ass stand still, because the coals are slipping to one side. Either the girl could not understand our undialectical English, or the sudden apparition of the two strange ladies who had arrived the night before at the Bull's Head, so completely discomposed her, that she pulled frantically at the ass to remove both herself and it from our influence, and so doing at once brought about the consummation. The ass, willing to oblige, but able to do so only on certain terms, kicked out one of its legs, and down went coal and pack-saddle together! It might have been our evil eye that had done it, so wild and woful was the look which the girl cast up at the window, and then screamed like one in sudden despair for "Sammy" to come and help her. Her screams brought at length the faithless "Sammy," and a tall, strong woman to the rescue, who, after surveying the ruins for some little time, set about to repair it in a very business-like manner. The pack-saddle was re-adjusted, and the main quantity of coal replaced, when the girl again taking the bridle and casting a scared and resentful look at the window, moved off with the ass hurriedly out of the reach of further disaster, leaving Sammy in much discontent with about one-third of the coal which he was ordered by the woman to bring on in a wheelbarrow, which by some mysterious means had suddenly appeared upon the scene. Sammy was an ill-looking, sullen lad, with the scowl of a young Cain on his unhappy face, and looking after his sister, the woman, and retreating ass, shouted almost furiously, "I shanna du it mysen!" At length, as no help made its appearance, spite of this reiterated assurance, Sammy, scowling up the road, slowly heaved the coal into the barrow and moved off.

(To be continued.)

V.

THE MORAVIANS AT KÖNIGSFELD.

"Alas! the world is full of peril!
 The path that runs through the finest meads
 On the sunniest side of the valley, leads
 Into a region bleak and sterile!
 But, in this sacred and calm retreat,
 We are all well and safely shielded
 From winds that blow and waves that beat,
 To which far stronger hearts have yielded."

LONGFELLOW.

METHINKS I see little Königsfeld this sultry August afternoon, a lovely picture of repose, as it lies so peaceful and calm beneath the pure, intensely purple sky; its white houses and tall roofs, its schools, and little chapel, standing out in bold relief from the dark background of forest that rises up around them.

No cries and shouts are heard of idle urchins, no noisy customers besiege the solitary inn-door, the children are all collected in the schools adapted to their sex and age; the labourers, many of them women, are at work in the neighbouring fields, gathering in the last of the hay and clover crops, and the other inhabitants are either sitting at home with carefully closed green shutters, to keep off, if possible, the dazzling rays of the burning sun, or they are gone out to the forest, carrying with them books and work to its cool and welcome shade, where their seats are the moss-grown stumps of long-ago felled trees; their carpet, the green straggling bilberry-bushes that strew the ground, laden with dark, juicy fruit, a good contrast to its bright-coloured namesake, the red bilberry, whose scarlet clusters of berries peep forth so prettily from the wax-like leaves of the low stunted plant on which they grow.

In one part of the forest, the loud croaking of the frogs from the sedgy borders of the rush-pond, or, as I have been wont to name it from its hoarse-voiced inmates, the frog-pond, breaks the stillness of the air; in another direction the monotonous drip of a water-wheel is heard, and down in a picturesque little dell you see a saw-mill at work beneath a rustic shed, the unwieldy tool slowly but surely making its way through the gigantic trunk to which its teeth have been applied.

But Königsfeld, the little settlement itself, is still—not a sound is heard, save the distant, soft, sweet tinkling of the cow-bells, as the herds wander leisurely over the newly-mown meadows, cropping what scanty herbage there remains, and the plashing of the little fountain in the centre of the place, as its tiny column rises into the air, then falls again scattered into thread-like, sparkling streams, that ripple the surface of the shallow basin, alive with gold and silver fish, embedded in green turf, and surrounded with fragrant lime trees.

Not even the sound of old brother Flach's hatchet, as he chops wood in the yard of the Sisters' house, is heard, for he is resting to wipe the perspiration from his furrowed brow; the fowls, too, are silent, lying huddled together in the shade, half buried in sawdust, beneath the deep eaves of the log-house.

Presently, down one side of a double flight of stone steps, leading to the entrance of one of the best houses of the little settlement, descends a young girl, with a pitcher in her hand and a child on her arm. The child is the youngest daughter of the doctor of the place—the only doctor of the little community, and one, moreover, held in high esteem by the Black Foresters of the neighbourhood, who will fetch him at dead of night to some one of their scattered, far-off farms, and reward him, perhaps, for coming, by an upset of their lumbering, rickety vehicles! The girl is a daughter of one of the less considerable of these farmers, who has come to live as servant with the doctor's wife; and very well she likes her position—she is fond of attending the Moravian services in the chapel, is pleased to be permitted to take part in their festivals, and even thinks that she shall one day like to join their community.

She is a bright-looking girl, with a ruddy complexion, fine blue eyes, white teeth, and red lips; none of her hair is to be seen in front, being concealed beneath the black skull-cap she wears; but behind, from below the gaily embroidered horse-shoe crown, descend two long brown plaits, tied at the ends with black ribbon; above the cap, she wears a round straw hat, that protects her head from the sun, though the brim is too narrow to shade her face; it is painted white, and trimmed with four black rosettes. Her petticoat is also black, and very short and full, though it does not set off, except round the waist, where it is bunched out by means of a bolster of straw beneath. The sombre hue of her dress is relieved by the dazzling whiteness of her stockings and large chemise sleeves, tightened at the elbow, which are visible, as she has left off her close-fitting jacket on account of the heat. The lacings of her bodice are many coloured, and her apron, which is beautifully clean, and tied together by the corners behind, after a favourite fashion of the country, is checked, blue and white.

Whilst she fills her pitcher at the fountain, the little settlement seems to become suddenly animated; four o'clock has struck, the afternoon classes are ended, and children are seen on all sides wending their way to their homes. Marie returns to the house with three laughing sprites dancing around her, threatening every instant to pull the crowing Mathildchen from her arms.

In the meantime, the boarders of both boys' and girls' school having cleared their class-rooms of books and work, are sitting down to a plentiful vesper, as they call their afternoon meal, of bread and fruit. This over, they proceed with their teachers to their play-grounds, or go for a ramble in the forest, where they may stay gathering wild flowers and berries, if they choose, till supper time, which is at half-

past six ; for there are no lessons to prepare this evening, since to-morrow is a festival.

Not a holiday to be spent in mirth, and dancing, and idle amusement, but a solemn feast unto the Lord ; and there are many such celebrated by this little church, in annual commemoration of the peculiar blessings and marks of Divine favour with which its revival was attended. I say its revival ; for though we usually speak of "the foundation of the Church of the Brethren by Count Zinzendorf, in 1722," its actual origin dates as far back as the martyrdom of Huss, when their ancestors in Bohemia and Moravia, quitting home, friends, and possessions, for the sake of the faith, fled into the forests and mountain-caverns, and there preserved a spark of the true light, which, although it became so faint as almost to be extinguished during the subsequent fierce persecutions, still was not suffered to die out, but, after centuries gone by, when the church was again tottering at its foundations, reappeared in its original purity and simplicity—a little leaven that should tend to leaven the whole lump.

Far and wide spread the influence of the little colony at Herrnhut, on the estate of the pious Count Zinzendorf, who had suffered the poor refugees, chased like their ancestors from their native homes by the fierce spirit of persecution, there to settle and take root. Numbers, from other churches and sects, but chiefly Lutherans, flocked to join them. All were Christians, and as such the brethren received them in love. Still, the difference of sentiment existing among them on minor points of doctrine naturally gave rise to disputes, that for a time disturbed the original harmony of the community. The wise and prudent measures, however, taken by the pious young count, produced at length a reconciliation between all parties ; various institutions and regulations, formed with a view to securing and perfecting this unity, were favourably and unanimously received, and the bond of renewed brotherhood was finally sealed by all partaking of the sacrament together, the administration of which was, on that occasion, attended with such a special blessing, the peace-bringing presence of the Saviour was so visibly felt, the hearts of all so overflowed with love towards Him and to each other, that the day has ever since been kept by the members of the church as one of thanksgiving and prayer.

Let us again fancy ourselves at Königsfeld, on the morrow, the 13th of August. It is still early morning ; the inhabitants of the little settlement are not yet astir ; a light haze, foretelling heat, still broods over the place and dims the blue sky ; the mist curls downwards in fantastic wreaths through the stems and branches of the firs, whose tall summits are just caught by the gilding rays of the sun. All is still ; but anon the half-waking dreams of the sleepers are mingled with the idea of heavenly music, and rousing themselves to consciousness, they become aware that the subdued and solemn sound of trumpets is ushering in, in plaintive psalmody, the dawn of the festival.

At nine o'clock the whole community, the Sisters and young girls all

in white, attend the early service in the chapel, when the venerable pastor holds an address on the subject of the festival, and prays with earnest fervour for a blessing on it.

Two young women and a youth, sitting on their respective sides of the chapel, just opposite the minister's desk, appear to be deeply affected by the address and prayer; indeed, in both they have been specially named. They have long been candidates to become members of the community. They have resided some time at Königsfeld, making themselves acquainted with the ordinations and arrangements, external and internal, of the Moravian church, and, still remaining in the mind to join it, the "lot" has been cast by the elders in childlike faith, with fervent prayer to the Lord that He, the "Chief Elder" of the church, would testify His will concerning the matter, and the answer has sanctioned the admission of the young people, who are now, in the presence of the assembled congregation, about to be received into the respective choirs of Brethren and Sisters by their several representatives, by the pledge of the right hand and the kiss of charity.

Sometimes the lot is cast more than once, at successive intervals, before the result sanctions the admission of the candidates; in which case they are admonished to examine themselves whether they truly and sincerely desire to join the church; and, if so, to await patiently the Lord's good time for their acceptance. The "lot" is only made use of on special occasions—such as the reception of new members, the appointment of ministers, and sometimes in the case of marriage; it is always accompanied by previous earnest, fervent prayer, and the result accepted with childlike trust and submission. The marriages thus decided are chiefly those of the missionaries, who, called suddenly to some distant heathen station, still unmarried, and perhaps not having yet thought of marrying, yet the nature of their office requiring that a partner should share with them its labours,—lay their case before the elders of the church, and request that they will propose a fit partner for them. These latter—who through the superintendents of the several choirs, are acquainted with the character and dispositions of each and all their brethren and sisters—choose from the latter a certain number of those who would seem to their human judgment suited for a helpmate to the future missionary, and then devoutly appeal to the Lord for His direction in their final choice. The proposal is then made to the sister on whom the lot has fallen, through the pastor of the community, and she almost always accepts it, in prayerful trust that such is the will of God. The instances are but rare of these marriages not proving happy.

The two young sisters who have been formally received into the community on this festal morning, have put on to-day, for the first time, the quaint little cap of fine white muslin, which, with its pink ribbon passed through a small loop just behind each ear, and then brought down again and tied beneath the chin, is the only peculiarity in the sisters' dress. If we look into the chapel this afternoon, while

the "Liebesmahl," or Lovefeast (the Agapæ of the early Christians), is being held, we shall notice that some of the sisters have a blue ribbon in their cap, some pink, some white, and some red. These are the distinguishing badges of the choirs to which they belong; the colour for the single sisters' choir being pink, for the married sisters' choir blue, for the widows' white, and for the girls' a beautiful blood-red.

The brothers are divided into similar classes, and there is also a children's choir. Each choir has its annual festival, celebrated on the anniversary of its formation, or some day otherwise memorable to it; and on these, as on their other festivals, the chief part of the day is spent in solemn and touching meetings for prayer and praise in the chapel, the celebration of the Lovefeast, with a musical service in the afternoon, and at the close of the day the receiving of the Lord's Supper. There occur in this month of August, no fewer than three such choir festivals: that of the children on the seventeenth, of the unmarried brothers on the twenty-ninth, and of the widowers on the thirty-first.

Oh, what a long-looked-forward-to, long-to-be-remembered day is that children's feast, or "Kinder-fest!" All the pupils of the schools, strangers and "Gemein-kinder," (as the children of the community are called,) are alike admitted to a participation in its enjoyments. The teachers, masters, and mistresses, lay themselves out to please and gratify their young charges; the services are beautifully adapted to the comprehension, and for the edification of all; and the weather, usually favourable at this season, and so wonderfully brilliant in those high mountain regions, seems to add zest to the whole. How delightful to be awakened on the morning of the day, by the Brothers blowing the trumpets beneath the windows, or the teachers singing softly at the dormitory doors, "Segne, segne sie aus freiem Trieb;" (Bless, oh! bless them!)—or some such suitable hymn. Into what a fairyland are the school-rooms converted, with their wreaths and flowers, their heather-chains and oak-garlands, their tables spread with cakes and fruit, and decked with gay bouquets and plants! As we pass from room to room along the corridors, or up and down the broad staircase, what fragrance pervades the air from the strewed branches of fir on which we tread! We are free to roam as we like to-day, and happy and joyous we feel in our liberty. Then there is the breakfast all together in the dining hall, (instead of, as usual, each class partaking of it in its own room,) the extra-strong coffee, duly sweetened; the great currant-cakes, a sort of bun of an oval form—become by custom a necessary part of the festive fare,—afterwards the careful adorning, I will not say unattended with the slightest possible tinge of vanity! the adjusting of the newly-washed, spotless white dresses, the putting on of the bow and sash, and, to finish all, the little net cap with its pink trimmings.

Who would not pardon the involuntary smile of delight, the irresistible wandering of eyes, when, on entering the chapel for the

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first service, we find it also carpeted with branches of the fir, the doors festooned with evergreens, the windows filled with flowering plants and shrubs, and the minister's desk hung, instead of with dark green cloth, with pure white, bound round the top with a pink ribbon (of a deeper shade than the sisters' colour), and decorated with delicate chains of honey-scented heather, and wreaths of the prickly juniper, interspersed with the brightest blossoms of the season.

It is a pretty sight, and the white dresses seem in keeping with the scene. But soon all outward show and symbols of festivity are forgotten, when—the last tones of the organ's solemn peal having died away—the venerable pastor gives out a hymn, and then, in simple heart-stirring tones, addresses the youthful choir before him in words that will never be forgotten, and that, doubtless, will in after years be looked back upon by many of those then present as good seed that has since taken deep root in their hearts. Such is the fervently-expressed desire of him now speaking to and praying for them. During the day, there are three other services—the sermon at ten; the lovefeast, with its accompanying beautiful psalmody, at three, to which even the infants are admitted on this their own peculiar festival; and a lecture, preceded by a choral piece, sung to wind instruments and violins, accompanied by the organ, in the evening.

The services are numerous—too numerous, it may be objected; yet no! they are not found so. For one thing, there is, if we may so speak, great variety in them; they cannot become tedious, the longest seldom lasting more than an hour,—others but half an hour; there is nothing held forth above the comprehension of the youngest or the meanest; 'tis ever the heart rather than the understanding that is appealed to. All attend them with eagerness and delight; the Black Foresters come in numbers on Sundays and holy days to join in them; and it is a strange and pleasing sight, on a bright calm Sabbath morning, to see the country-people, in their picturesque costume, men and women with great bouquets in their breasts, flocking betimes into the little settlement, and collecting in groups in front of the chapel; where, seated on the porch steps, or in the shade of the trees around the fountain, they await the chiming of the bell for the ten o'clock service.

These poor peasants live so far from their parish churches, which are necessarily but thinly scattered throughout this sparsely-cultivated district, that many of them would probably attend no place of worship at all were they not thus attracted to that at Königsfeld, partly, perhaps, out of curiosity, but also from affection for the brethren, who have won their respect and good-will by instituting schools for their children, and other unceasing efforts to do good amongst them. This, indeed, was the object of the self-denying Moravians when they first came—a few from one of their flourishing little colonies, a few from another—to settle in this wild mountain-region; wilder still when, scarcely more than half a century ago, in the bleak month of December, 1807, they felled the first tree for the now thriving village.

To return to the children's feast. The festivities are not at an end

with the close of that day, for the day following is also kept as a holiday in the schools ; and, if the weather permit, the pupils are taken to spend the afternoon at one of the distant farm-houses, which, according to the fashion of the thinly-populated district, serve the double purpose of inns, where, in primitive rustic style, they enjoy what refreshment they can find. Coffee and sugar they have carried with them ; and bread, and excellent milk and butter, they are sure to obtain at a moderate outlay. These having been secured, the Sisters, accustomed to the manners of the place, make their way to the little kitchen, and there with their own hands prepare the coffee, and set the milk to boil, while the hostess stands looking on with knitting in hand, or arms akimbo, chattering all the time.

These farm-house inns are queer places. Picture to yourself a permanent hencoop built in the wall of the guest-room,—cow-shed, stable, and pig-stye under the same roof that shelters you for the time being, and only separated from the apartment you occupy by a narrow passage, and a low lath partition ; above you, perhaps, the hay-loft ! Still, whatever may be the somewhat extraordinary internal arrangements of these dwellings, they are certainly externally picturesque in the extreme. There is the thatched, deep-eaved roof, to protect the walls from the effects of the winter snows ; the wooden gallery, running round the sides of the house, with its luxuriant row of pinks straggling in wild profusion above, below, and between the roughly-carved palisades ; beneath, neatly ranged against the walls, is the stack of newly-cut wood, on which hang coarse knitted stockings, white, or, maybe, bright scarlet and blue, to dry or bleach.

When the coffee has been duly partaken of and enjoyed, games of play in the fields or meadows adjoining the farm follow, in which old and young take part ; and when evening sets in all return, a little tired and very happy, singing as they go, to Königsfeld. Such little treats as these are of frequent occurrence throughout the summer, on half-holidays ; and the kind Inspector, the superintendent of both boys' and girls' schools, usually adds to the enjoyment of them by his presence.

Sometimes, instead of going to a farm-house, an excursion is made to some beautiful or romantic spot in the neighbourhood,—a waterfall, some lovely forest-dell, carpeted with flowers and verdure, or wild mountain gorge, where the torrent dashes foaming and roaring between shelving rocks and steep precipices, their rugged sides clothed in patches with the wild raspberry and blackberry, the hazel-bush and crimson wood-strawberry, all growing apparently from the granite mass itself, so scanty is the soil in which they have taken root.

Here, having walked some five or six miles, we are glad to sit down and rest, and refresh ourselves with the milk-roll that we have each brought in our pocket, and a sip of the light and cooling wine that the good Inspector has provided for us.

We look around, and find that we are shut in by the black and lofty mountains of Würtemberg ; in front of us is a steep, thickly-wooded

ascent, its sides furrowed with wood tracks, down which the tall fir trees are sped into the torrent below, which floats them into the Kinzig, and so into the Rhine ; behind us a rugged precipice, towering to the skies. Here we sit, in intense enjoyment of the scene, chatting or singing ; or we wander along the torrent's brink with the Inspector, examining the fossils there to be found in numbers, and listening to his description of the nature of the soil of the Black Forest—its qualities and properties, its granite bottom and red sandstone surface—till at length the sinking sun warns us that we must bend our steps homewards ; and, returning by a different route to that we came, we reach Königsfeld between eight and nine o'clock, after a delicious moonlight walk through the depths of the forest.

It is not the children alone who make these pleasant trips ; the Sisters arrange similar excursions amongst themselves, and take part in them with equal zest. Simple and unassuming in manner and habits, not holding themselves aloof from society, but free from the affectation of the world, neither taking part in nor yearning for its frivolous amusements and gaieties, their hearts are open to the full enjoyment of nature and its beauties. Of expense their frugal earnings will not allow, but such pleasures as these do not cost much, and, if they work a little the harder five days and a half out of six, they can fairly afford now and then to spare an afternoon for such innocent indulgence.

Almost all the unmarried sisters, except, indeed, those to whom home duties afford sufficient employment, or who are in service, reside in the Sisters' house, where they earn their living by various occupations according to their several talents or abilities. Some are teachers in the school, others fill the position of servants ; some are dress-makers or milliners, or they are skilful *menders*. Some are employed in doing all sorts of fancy and fine work, which is afterwards sold to visitors who come to take part in the festivals, or others, for the general benefit of the house ; some assist in the laundry, some in the bakehouse, some in the kitchen, where cooking is daily done for nearly three hundred persons ; namely, for the boys' and girls' schools, the Sisters, and several families in the place. Then there are the cows and pigs, and the poultry-yard to be attended to, the garden, the potato and corn-fields, the hay meadows belonging to the Sisters' house : *all* the work in which is done by the Sisters themselves, assisted by a couple of Black Forest girls. In Germany, indeed, this does not appear so astonishing as it would to us, for there the women are accustomed to reap the corn, to mow the hay, and do a variety of out-door labour, that we should consider only fit for men.

But whatever the difference in their employment, however mean the work of some, and elevated the occupation of others, all are sisters, and regard each other as such, and in all may be found more or less refinement—that true refinement that proceeds from the heart.

The Brothers are likewise employed in teaching, also in watch and

clock making, book-binding, dyeing, attending to the shop or little store of the place, or in out-door work.

When the warm summer weather is gone, and the cold winter sets in with its sharp frosts and deep snows, the dark, short days are enlivened by diversions which, if of a somewhat different nature to those enjoyed in summer, are equally delightful, equally simple.

There are the little concerts, got up by the Brothers and Sisters forming the church choir, at which oratorios are performed, or other sacred music, which they have practised during the long evenings. Sometimes the pupils of the boys' school and their masters give a musical entertainment, a miscellaneous concert that does wonderful credit to the performers, while it cannot fail to give pleasure to the audience.

There are the sledge-drives, not very frequent, certainly, but all the more enjoyed on that account, when the Sisters, four or five together, hire a sleigh, and start after their early half-past eleven o'clock dinner, for Donaueschingen, or Villengen, the bustling little post-town, to see, may be, some travelling menagerie, or to do their Christmas shopping—purchase, that is, little articles of luxury not to be obtained at the one shop at Königsfeld.

How delightful to make one of such a party on a cold, bright December day! The sleigh-bells tinkle merrily as the low, capacious vehicle glides swiftly over the hard, crisp ground; far and near there is nothing to be seen but fields of dazzling, shining snow; the icicled hedges glitter in the sunlight; and the forest looks like some enchanted maze, every branch and twig fantastically festooned, as it were, with crystallized lace; and, ever and anon, a brilliant shower, as of diamonds, descends suddenly to the ground, as the trees, slightly stirred by the breeze, let fall some of their snowy burden.

The children are provided with small hand-sledges, roughly made of wood, which are a source of great amusement to them throughout the winter, when, after a good sharp frost, they carry them to the top of some tolerably smooth and gentle declivity, and, seating themselves upon them, and giving the impulse with their feet, glide rapidly down, making the air ring with their laughter and cries of delight.

Then there are the Christmas festivities, which commence with the first Sunday in Advent; from which time till the Holy Eve itself no evening passes that the "Christ-kind" (Christ-child) does not enter one of the rooms of the Sisters' house, or some one of the family-dwellings of the little settlement, dispensing its blessings and favours in the shape of glittering Christmas-trees, or Christmas gifts, presented anonymously on waiters decked out with coloured waxen tapers, and ornamented with many an ingenious device.

There is the New Year's Eve, with the solemn midnight service, and the previous general tea-drinking; the pupils and their teachers all together, the Sisters in companies in their several rooms, and the young girls with their superintendents in their own apartment.

The unusual lateness of the hour, the approaching service, and the

occasion of it,—namely, the close of the present year, which, with all its incidents, the sins and follies committed in it, may never be recalled, and the dawn of a new one—a future that we cannot penetrate—all induces to grave and serious reflection. Many a silent prayer is offered—many a secret resolution formed—gentle words of admonition are tenderly proffered, and thoughtfully listened to. The new text-book is opened, and each draws a text for the other, a text from the Word of God, that shall be, as it were, a motto, a little light on the path, during the coming year.

The birthdays of the Inspector and Inspectress, and of the two superintendents of the Sisters' house, all occur at this season, and the preparation and presentation of birthday offerings, and the birthday treats given respectively to the school and Sisters' choir are not reckoned amongst the least of its pleasures.

The winters at Königsfeld, lying as it does high amongst the mountains of the Black Forest, are very severe, and, consequently, especially trying to the old and infirm. Thus it not unfrequently happens that a temporary shade—I will not say gloom, for where faith and hope are bright and clear that cannot come—is cast over the festivities of the season by the departure, or rather, as they themselves expressively term it, the going home, the "Heimgang," of some time-honoured member of the community.

Early in the morning, in the stillness of the evening, or, perhaps, during the busy hours of the day, a low, solemn strain of music from the church-tower suddenly strikes upon the ear, and one looks at another and says—"Our brother is gone home!"

A few days later the whole community assembles in the chapel, and the life (in most instances an autobiography) of the departed is read aloud by the minister. How such an autobiography will sometimes abound in edification and instruction! What an example it will hold forth of Christian discipline and fortitude! Perhaps the writer has seen many chances and changes of this troubled life; he may have been for years a missionary in the ice-bound regions of Greenland and Labrador, or on the unhealthy, fever-breeding coast of Dutch Guyana, or amongst the wild aborigines of the scorching plains of Caffraria. He may have laboured hard to convert some souls to God, and have met with but little or varying success, till at length, just when he was making steady, encouraging progress in his work of love, his health has broken down, and he has been called back to Europe, perhaps after a time to devote what remaining energies he has to the service of one of the communities in his native land; or, if his strength be too far gone for that, to rest and take repose in what quiet settlement he may choose, till the Lord shall call him home to Himself!

After the reading of the biography a short and suitable musical service follows, and then the whole community assembles in front of the chapel, and, having sung a hymn, forms in procession to follow the coffin to the grave. The trumpets are blown at intervals as we proceed

on our way to the "Gottes-acker,"—the field of the Lord, as they term their burial-place—a peaceful little spot, enclosed by hedges and trees in the midst of a plantation.

Here is no distinction of high and low, every grave is alike, marked with a plain flat stone, the only adornment the turf in which it is embanked, and, in summer, the flowers—the evergreen periwinkle, the pure white lily, the blood-red rose, or other such simply emblematic blossoms that surround it. Here the burial service is sung and said, the coffin is lowered into the newly-dug grave, another hymn is given out, and all return quietly home.

When the Easter morn dawns calm and bright, the Brethren and Sisters repair in company to this hallowed spot to pray and sing among the graves, in joyful commemoration of the resurrection of Him who has become the first-fruits of them that sleep.

This Sabbath of sabbaths is about to dawn; but in the Sisters' house all is yet hushed and still. It is dark; only here and there a brightly twinkling star emits a faint ray of light, as it peeps in through the unshuttered panes. Presently a small party of Sisters and young girls, with lanterns and tapers in their hands, are seen softly treading the broad staircase; and, passing along the dim corridor, they stop at a door at the further end; they silently fall into a half circle, and a single voice, melodious and powerful, bursts forth—"The Lord is risen!"—"Der Herr ist aufgestanden!" Five other voices, in sweet unison respond—"Yea, verily He is risen!"—and then all join in the Easter Hymn—

"Hail! to the rising from the tomb!"

Retracing their steps, they stop at several other doors, and repeat the salutation and the hymn. Before they have completed their round, and concluded the last verse, the house is astir. A hasty toilet is being performed, and at half-past four all will assemble in the chapel for the Easter Litany; after which they wend their way in quiet procession, full of holy solemn thoughts, to the Gottes-acker in the plantation, and there, as they recall the names of those gone home before them, and count the green mounds raised since last the hallowed Easter morn found them thus assembled, they are forcibly reminded that, ere another day dawns, they too may have passed away. No sigh escapes their lips at the reflection; they utter it gravely but not sadly, for their hearts are full of joyful, child-like faith in the blood of Him who died for them, and rose again, as on this day, an earnest of their resurrection!

B.

VI.

KING ARTHUR AND THE ROUND TABLE.

Who was King Arthur?—a question this which has been often asked, and which many a reader, fresh from the witchery of those delightful “*Idylls of the King*,” is even now asking. Who *was* King Arthur?—a real historical personage, or a mere myth; a veritable monarch with a veritable kingdom, or king only in Fairyland, crowned only by our poets,—but crowned by them with starry diadem, beside which the most lustrous of earthly crowns looks dim. Many are the answers right learned antiquaries have given. Some have wholly denied “the stainless king” an earthly existence, and have told us he was the mere dream of a dark age; others have tried to turn him into a constellation—just as some French theorists tried to turn that undoubted historical personage, mightiest of his day—Charlemagne, and have gravely asserted, just as they did of the great Frankish king, that he and the Great Bear are identical! Arthur, the blameless, the most chivalrous of men, and the Great Bear!! We turn indignantly away from such blind guides of the past, and feel half inclined to believe, with our earliest antiquaries, that Arthur really was king of Great Britain, and the vanquisher of the Saxons at the mighty fight on Badon Hill, as well as on many another well-fought field; and that, but for his untimely death, the lords of the White Horse banner would have been driven from the land. Pleasant would this belief be, were it true; for we all feel a wish that the hero of the poet and the hero of history should be identical; but we know that England was never under the sway of one monarch, until very late in Saxon times, and that there were, in the sixth century, many other invaders to be repulsed besides Hengist and Horsa.

Still, there seems no reason to doubt that Arthur had an actual existence; although, not as the mighty monarch of Britain, but as the chief of some small territory in the south-western parts of our island. The Welch triads repeatedly mention his name, alluding to his many victories over the Saxons, to a mighty feast he held at Caerleon, to three strongholds which he possessed, all of which are in the south-west, and also to some of his chief followers. Taliessin, too, expressly alludes to Arthur’s victory of Badon Hill, and calls him “chief of nobles;” while a bard, almost contemporary, apparently lamenting his death, refers to the battle of Camlan, and vaguely prophesies that he shall come again, almost in the very words of the old Breton lays. —There is, therefore, we think, little doubt that Arthur had a real existence, although, as Sharon Turner—whose remarks on this subject are well worth reading—gracefully says: “Arthur, the all radiant sun of romantic tradition, is, in history, but a faint and nebulous star.”

And the faint light of that nebulous star seemed to have faded wholly

away for many generations, when, in 1147, a work appeared,—yes, reader, although printing was not invented, and Paternoster Row as yet unknown—which at once seized upon the attention of the scholars of that age, French as well as English, and, ere long, seized upon the attention of the baron, and the high-born lady too, in a way that, perhaps, no other book ever did, and this was the “History of the British Kings,” by Geoffrey of Monmouth. The story of this book is important in connexion with our hero. A learned friend, Walter Calenius, Archdeacon of Oxford, visiting Brittany, became interested in its legends, and brought back with him some books in the Breton language, which he requested Geoffrey to translate for him. Whether many scattered legends were skilfully woven by the translator into a consecutive whole, or whether on a groundwork of tradition he raised the history, it is difficult to tell; but the result was, that this chronicle of the British Kings—from the fabulous times of “Brutus, grandson of Eneas,” down to their total subversion by the Saxons—became the grand text-book of our early history, even down to the days of Elizabeth. Who reads Geoffrey of Monmouth’s history now-a-days? and yet it is right pleasant reading; full filled with stories which Chaucer, Lydgate, Spenser, Drayton, Shakspeare, and Milton have availed themselves of; but chiefly to be remembered as the first history which told of the prowess, the right royal state, the wide renown of King Arthur. It is here, that the great exemplar of chivalric romance was first brought before the notice of a wondering, all-believing age; and traditions which had been cherished by the exiles of Brittany, the fond recollections of their long-lost fatherland, became suddenly the poetic heritage, not only of France and England, but, ere long, of more distant Italy and Germany.

The Arthur of Geoffrey of Monmouth is not, we need scarcely say, the Arthur of chivalrous romance; for chivalry, as yet, had scarcely received a name, and certainly could not, as yet, claim that code of noble and gentle laws, to which modern refinement can add but little. Still, he is brought out prominently as a most valiant monarch, and the very terror of the Saxon invaders; as greatly beloved by his followers, as maintaining a splendid court, and as chief among the monarchs of his time. It is to us a strong corroboration of the opinion that assigns to Arthur a real existence as king of the Silures, that even Geoffrey never exhibits him as holding his court at London—although he has given a proud origin to our old city, and repeatedly celebrates it—but at Caerleon; and thus, too, all the battles in which Arthur is engaged, take place in that vicinity. Geoffrey’s history was in Latin, and so eagerly was it welcomed, that, ere ten years had passed, to be ignorant of its contents, was for the scholar to “write himself down an ass.” But so stirring a history was not to be confined to the cloister, or the school alone; knights and nobles made inquiries about it, and fair ladies prayed the *trouvères* to translate it into their mother tongue. So two *trouvères*, high in favour at court, set about the self-same task, apparently within a year or two after its appearance;

Gaimar, at the request of the Lady "Custance la gentil," giving a tolerably close translation from Geoffrey, and carrying on the history from other sources down to the reign of Henry I.; and Wace, who in his "*Brut d'Angleterre*," added largely to Geoffrey's history, and especially to his account of King Arthur.*

It was for Elinor of Aquitaine, that liberal patroness of literature, that Wace wrote his version, and which he presented to her in 1155, only eight years after the appearance of Geoffrey's history;—a tolerably laborious undertaking, since it extends to upwards of fifteen thousand lines. In this metrical chronicle,—for it would be unjust to the writer to call it a poem, although some very spirited, and even poetical passages may be found in it—while in some parts, Wace keeps close to his text, in others he largely deviates from it, and introduces scenes and incidents which he tells us he gathered in Brittany. This is especially the case with regard to King Arthur, over whose deeds, and upon whose character, he dwells most lovingly. He introduces him, as it were, with a note of admiration; and the reader will perceive the true elements of the chivalrous character in the following description, which we have endeavoured to render as closely as possible:—

"Of Arthur chiefest, now I'll tell,
Nor will I lie, so mark me well;
For bravest of all knights was he,
And bore himself right manfully.
Toward lofty ones he aye was stour,
But meek and piteous to the poor;
Bold, hardy, conquering was he,
Largesse aye giving willingly:—
And ever prompt his friends to aid,
For never 'Nay' to them he said.
Much loved he deeds of chivalry,
And much he hoped his deeds might be
Kept in all honoured memory.
And he was servéd of the best,
For of all kings was he valiantest.
And thus he lived, and thus he reigned,
And his right royal state maintained
'Fore all, for true nobility,
Largesse, and truth, and courtesy."

A true knightly character this, and wonderful for its anticipation of that fine combination of the sterner and gentler virtues, which gave chivalry its peculiar charm and its wonderful influence.

And the "valiant men," whom Arthur gathered round him, were worthy their king; for

"Through all the neighbour realms, the glory
Of those brave knights surpass'd all story;

* This work has lately been published in France, by M. Leroux de Lincy, from the MSS., but only very short portions have as yet been translated.

For courtesy and high honour
 'Bove all 'fore English knights the floure ;
 And gentler and more courteous far
 Unto the poorest peasant are
 That all unrivalled chivalry
 Than foreign knights of high degree."*

And it was for them, after his splendid coronation "at Caerleon, on the river Usk," that Arthur made his round table, on which, Master Wace remarks—

"Full many a fable hath been said
 Of this, by Breton bards, and there,
 Were placed in order regular
 Each vassal seated by his brother,
 None first, nor higher than the other ;
 For all were equal there, and all
 Were served within King Arthur's hall
 Alike, that none might vauntingly
 Claim o'er the others sovereignty,
 For all was done by courtesy."

How very strange do these details appear to us, when we remember that they were written seven hundred years ago, almost ere the strifes and murderous wars of Stephen's reign had closed ; and the writer, whether in Normandy or in England, must have witnessed many of these scenes of murderous cruelty which fill the pages of contemporary chroniclers, almost to the exclusion of everything else. In those days of the *Front-de-Bœufs* and the *Malvoisins*, does it not seem astonishing to find the *trouvères* thus dwelling upon truth, and honour, and the gentlest courtesies ; telling rude warriors of the graceful self-negation of the true knight, bidding fierce and haughty barons take example from the mightiest of kings, who, stern towards his foemen, was yet

"Meek, and piteous to the poor."

King Arthur is indeed Wace's especial favourite. He bestows two thousand lines upon him and his doings, giving us a very minute account of his armour and weapons, which of course were those of the writer's own day. Thus we find him clad in a *hauberk*—for plate armour was not as yet—and helmet, and nasal, for the closed helmet belonged to the following century. The helmet, however, was adorned with the golden dragon, "his sire's device," and a jewelled coronal ; his shield bore "our ladye" for badge, while his good sword—who has not heard of resistless *Excalibur* ? Wace calls it *Caliburne*,—made by

* Lest some sceptical reader should think we have given a "free" translation, adapted to the nineteenth rather than the twelfth century, we subjoin the three closing lines in the original, remarking that the word "*vaillant*" had a very wide significance in Norman-French, and meant general nobleness of character :—

"Plus erent curteis, e vaillant,
 Enteis li pouvre paisant,
 Ke chevalers en altre regne."

no mortal man, and from no earthly steel, was a gift of faerie, and from the isle of Avalon—that isle of enchantment.

“His lance was long, and good, and stout,
Oft felt its point the rebel rout,—
And many a lay they'll sing to ye
Of that same lance in Brittany.”

And good aid did Wace obtain from the many Breton lays he heard, but more important aid did his successors gain from the same source ; for even down to the days of Chaucer, we find reference to the witching tales of faerie recorded by “these old gentil Bretons.” None of these have a place here ; and it is rather singular to find that the earlier *trouvères* seem to have been far more chary of admitting marvellous stories into their “*romans*” than their successors. In Wace, and Gaimar, the marvels are few and far between ; in the writers of the thirteenth century they are abundant—the graceful lays of Marie of France especially, all claiming a Breton origin, being as entertaining a series of fairy tales as we ever read ;—while the English romances of the following century are as full of the supernatural as the Arabian Nights. And thus, although we linger well pleased over the character Wace has given of King Arthur, and willingly assign to him the praise of being the first writer who stamps a high chivalric character upon that great monarch of romance, we miss the many stirring incidents of later stories,—the Pentecost hunt, and the adventurous chase after the white stag ; the many embassies of kings menaced by giant foemen, or by fearful dragons, and the successful enterprises of his gallant knights ; the ladies, so fair, and so woebegone, who supplicate his aid against direful tyrants, or enchantments more dire than they ;—those tales, too, of enchanted fountains, and magic horns, and rings of wondrous power, and faëry steeds bearing the knight far away ; and faëry maidens, too, who watch over the good knight when scorned and neglected ; and when through false accusation he is brought forth to die, ride up to king Arthur's palace hall in more than queenly state, and far more than mortal beauty, and bear him away to dwell in joyance. None of these pleasant stories are found here ; but descriptions of mighty feasts and mighty battles, and the tale of Modred's treachery,—and the fatal contest at Camlan, when Arthur disappeared from among men. But this, the last scene, is related in a matter-of-fact way that contrasts strongly with the fine poetical painting of the later romance writers. Here is no anxious watch of Sir Bedivere by the side of the faëry lake ; no hand rises to seize Excalibor when it falls from Arthur's fainting grasp ; no “Morgain la fay” to place him gently beneath the shade in the woody isle of Avalon, and sit in patient vigil age after age, watching his trance'd slumbers ;—instead of this, we are simply told that

“Arthur, saith the history,
In the heart was stricken mortally,
And thence to Avalon was borne
That healed his wounds might be : nor mourn,

There still he wons ; the Bretons wait
 His coming,—for their lays relate
 He liveth still, and still they look.
 I, Maister Wace, who made this book,
 Will nought affirm, save that I hold
 That sooth, which Prophet Merlin told.
 He said, that Arthur's end should be
 For aye enwrapt in mystery ;
 And truly saith, that still his fame
 Should last, and caitiffs dread his name."

Barren of incident as this, the earliest tale of King Arthur—Arthur, the great exemplar of chivalry—appears to us, it was welcomed with an enthusiasm which we can scarcely imagine ; and ere that generation had passed away, tales of his valiant deeds, of his valiant knights of Camelot and Caerleon, of his mysterious disappearance, but his certain return when his country should need his aid, were sung alike by the *trouvères*, who exulted in his book learning, and the unlettered *disours*; and listened to alike by the noble company in the royal hall, and by the wondering peasantry who crowded round the market cross to hear the newest lay of the wayside minstrel.

Most of the tales, which ere long became incorporated with the simpler narratives of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and of Wace, and form the cyclus of Arthurian romance, claim a Breton origin ; and in most instances there is little doubt that the claim is well founded. But when we perceive how eagerly every tale told of King Arthur, or his deeds, was welcomed by the common people, no less than by the scholar and the noble,—that early in the following century, allusions to King Arthur and his knights abound in our popular literature,—we think it difficult to account for this sudden acceptance of a new class of fiction, save by believing that some dim traditions of similar events and persons still lingered in the more remote parts of the land. In the south-western counties, and along the Welsh marches, a British population—although by this time largely mingled with the Saxons—must have remained ; and among them many a fragment of old British history, likely enough, found a resting place. We know, indeed, how largely the Celtic element predominates in our popular superstitions, and our popular nursery tales ; how references to "old-world" events and persons meet us in the names of numerous localities. What wonder, then, that the dimly remembered names of Arthur, of Caerleon, of Camlan, should act as a spell—a kind of "open sesame"—on the minds of our forefathers, awakening memories which had been handed down through many generations, unlocking the old stores of British legend ; and thus even the scholar, as he pored over the learned pages of Geoffrey's history, might pleasantly recognize almost the same stories to which he had listened at his nurse's knee.

It is to the Bretons, however, that we owe the specific details of Arthur's history, as told in the romances of chivalry ; for to them Arthur was the grand central point of every tradition—the sun of their legendary history, with whose disastrous setting their very existence as

a nation came to an end. There seems no reason to doubt the reiterated assertions of the Bretons, that a large proportion of their ancestors, during the sixth century, emigrated from the south-western coast of Britain; nor the kindred tradition that they were the remnant of the Silurian tribe, who, after unavailing fighting for their fatherland, were compelled, by the death of their warrior king, to relinquish all further contest, and depart over seas, bearing with them deep and precious memories of that last chieftain who had fought with them and for them, but, alas! in vain.

Thus would Arthur appear to the sorrowing exiles of Brittany as the great martyr-hero of their history; and every wild Celtic fable would cluster round that name, and invest it with an importance unknown to any other. Wales could boast many a powerful leader; and thus Arthur, in Welsh tradition, is only one of many valiant men; but the Arthur of Brittany is a mighty monarch, holding high state, and receiving embassies from afar. He is the son of Uther Pendragon, the great chieftain before whom was borne the mystic dragon,—that dragon which was the proud badge of our Tudors, and co-supporter with the Plantagenet lion, of the royal arms—and on the death of his father all Britain owned his sway. They told of Guinevere, too, nobly descended from the Romans, daughter of King Gofyrfan, fairest among women, but most faithless,—the paramour of Sir Lancelot, who, brought up by the faëry of the lake, who pitied the beautiful infant left there by the hapless queen, thence received the title by which he has ever since been known. Of Guinevere, however, the Breton lays—and in this, too, the Welsh agree—speak most reproachfully; they even charge her with having encouraged Modred to rebel against his uncle; and “false Guinevere” dwelt in their traditions as the wanton queen, who saw the ruin of her kingdom, and the death—disappearance rather, as they fondly hoped—of her noble husband, without sorrow and without remorse. Not until very late in the days of chivalrous romance was the tale told of the guilty queen taking a sad farewell for ever of the penitent Lancelot, and wending her unattended way to Ambresbury, while Lancelot retired to the deepest forest, and ended his days in tears and prayers; and so, not until long after his death, was it discovered that the valiantest of King Arthur’s knights had there sadly and in solitude died. Our gifted laureat’s picture of the repentant queen is so touching in its deep sorrow, that we are well pleased to find him following, and improving upon, the later versions of Guinevere’s story; for in Breton lays, and in some of our oldest ballads, she is fierce and vindictive, as well as faithless. The later romances, too, endeavour to palliate her criminality, by telling us that when Lancelot was sent to her father’s court to ask her in marriage for his king, she was told that *he* was Arthur; and thus, all unknowingly, she flung away the affection of her young heart upon the noblest and goodliest of knights whom she had ever yet seen. A palliation this, somewhat resembling the incident in the tale of Tristrem and Iseult, where the magic draught is drunk unwittingly by

the hapless pair, whose destinies from henceforth are linked together. There is, after all, a kind of homage to morality in these palliations; the old romance-writers never seem to have delighted, like the modern French novelists, in making their heroes and heroines sinful for the mere love of wickedness.

In Breton story, Lancelot, and Gawain—that most courteous of knights, who won lands and castles by his good sword, but worship among all men, and the fairest of brides by his gentle courtesy—are the most conspicuous among Arthur's knights; but many who hold high place in our later romances have scarcely a name there. It is questionable, too, whether the stories of the Sangreal—that holy vase made from a perfect emerald, and which only the pure in heart could behold—ever belonged to Breton fiction. Most probably the story of the vase was some eastern legend, brought home during the first crusades; but indeed the whole character of these Breton fictions seems rather to belong to a period when every Celtic superstition had full sway. Thus, that half human, half unearthly magician, Merlin, is as prominent in Breton story as in old English; and Vivienne, with her serpent wiles and her more than deadly revenge. She and the “false queen,” however, are the only females whose characters are revolting. The other women, if mortal, are as undistinguishable for aught save beauty, as Celtic female character mostly is; but in the fair and mysterious beings who dwell in the depths of the forest, or rise from the still bosom of the lake, there is great dignity and beauty. There is a solemn awe investing them, too, for they are mighty in power and wisdom, and therefore, precious is the faëry's favour; but a gift to be exulted in secretly, not to be boasted of. Woe to the knight who, in the face of bitterest taunts, boasted the loveliness of his unseen lady-love,—as the lay of Sir Lanval, and many another besides, can prove.

Chief among these we find “Morgain la fay,” as the French romance writers of the fourteenth century call her,—a name which our English poets have adopted,—and this name proves her ancient British origin, for she is the “Môr Gwynn” of Welsh fable, the “white damsel,” a supernatural guardian of places and families;—of the same race, too, though of higher rank, with Sir Walter Scott's “white lady,” whom, indeed, she closely resembles, not alone in her inhabiting lakes and rivers, but in her prophetic gifts, and the strong sympathy that links her to human beings. Over Arthur she ever watches; and over ungrateful Lancelot too, for she lifted him, a little infant, from the green bank where he lay, and bore him to her bower beneath the still lake, and sent him forth when grown up, to the court of her favourite Arthur. But even when “the stainless king” held highest court at Caerleon, and saw the vanquished kings of Ireland, Denmark, Dacia, and Gaul around him, “Morgain la fay” was sad, for she fore-saw the faithlessness of her foster son, and the treachery of Modred, and the fatal battle of Camlan, where the pride of the British race was

crushed and trampled down. But, then, it is to her alone that Sir Bedivere turns in the hour of direst need, when he bears the dying king away to the margin of the lake, and tenderly "Morgain la fay" receives the precious burthen in her white arms, and dresses his wounds, singing that soft, low song, which tells that once again he shall grasp his good sword, and again lead his people onward. And there she sits—the lady of the lake—still watching over her tranced hero; sometimes seen by the wandering knight, to whom her appearance is the presage of high renown. That lake, and that "woody isle of Avalon," how did the memories of the exiles dwell upon it! That brightest spot in the realms of romance, which to the Welsh bard was merely "one of the perpetual choirs of Britain," was to the homesick exiles, looking across the far sea, hallowed ground,—hallowed beyond all others, for it was the shrine where their monarch lay as the ages rolled on, and from whence his summons should come forth, bidding them return again to their long-lost fatherland.

Still, for many of the well-known heroes of romance, and for many a pleasant tale of King Arthur and his knights, we must turn to Welsh tradition; and doubtless chiefly from this source did the English writers—Lucas de Gast, Walter Map, and others—who, soon after Wace compiled their prose romances, obtain their materials. Thus Ywaine, the Knight of the Lion—he whose gallant deeds and various fortunes are related so spiritedly in one of our oldest metrical romances—belongs to Welsh tradition. Eluned, too, who so successfully aids him with her wondrous ring. Geraint-ap-Urbin, whose story and that of his gentle Enid has so gracefully been told by Tennyson,—King Arthur's own laureat—is also a Welsh tradition, and exhibits, as told in the "Mabinogion," a very high antiquity. And Sir Caradoc, too, "one of the three darlings of King Arthur's court," and justly so, for so true was he in word and deed, that he alone was worthy to possess the magic horn that refused its draught save to him on whose lip falsehood never dwelt; and his fair wife, so pure and good, that she alone could wear the wondrous mantle in which threescore high-born ladies at King Arthur's court had essayed to array themselves in vain,—this tale, the theme of so many a French *fabliau* and English ballad, we also owe to Wales.

And still, as years flowed on, and the name and the fame of King Arthur gathered brightness—still, one after another, some new tale of wild enchantment, of noblest daring, of gentlest courtesy, came forth, adding lustre to the coronal which Welsh, but especially Breton, fiction had woven around his brow. What a mighty name is King Arthur! that mightiest of all rulers in the realms of fiction; sung by a choir of the noblest poets the world ever saw, and linked to England, not only by that fame which sent of yore so many a knight and so many a minstrel hither to gaze on the ruins of Caerleon, and pay homage to the hero of our own land, but by the many beautiful and touching lessons of firm faith, and stainless honour, and Christian gentleness,

which the tales of King Arthur and his knights supplied,—tales which went forth in a rude age from English ground into every land, with a gentle but a mighty influence, impressing a new character, not upon England alone, but upon Europe—a silent, a gentle influence—but mighty in its gentleness—the spirit of Christian chivalry.

VII.

COUNT CAVOUR,

THE SARDINIAN EX-PREMIER.

ABOUT a quarter of a century since, a young nobleman from the Subalpine kingdom, a cadet of an ancient and immensely wealthy patrician house, long notorious for its aristocratic *hauteur*, besides being eminently unpopular as one of the most priest-ridden and reactionary families in the land, escaped, like a bird out of its cage, from the stifling atmosphere which surrounded him at home, and alighted on the chalk cliffs of Dover. Once safe in England, Count Cavour—for it is of him we speak—was in no hurry to quit the coign of vantage which its free and happy soil afforded him for studying the ideas, arts, laws, and institutions by which nations become great. The vast world of London, its roaring maelström of trade, the Thames, with its forests of masts and floating chimneys, its magnificent bridges and groaning wharves—what a contrast to Torino, a sort of Islington asleep on the equally drowsy Po! The men, too, whether mechanics or millionaires, who jostled one another in the Strand or Cheapside, how unlike the machines in the Porto Susina, tame and passive tools of despotism! Here a people of kings, there everybody still in the leading-strings of the police. What a difference, again, between the aristocratic fribbles of his father's saloons and the English House of Lords, and, above all, between such statesmen as a Russell, a Palmerston, a Peel, and a Della Margherita and the other Jesuit marionettes who figured in the Cabinet of Carlo Alberto! The young Piedmontese had brought to this country strong prepossessions in its favour. He had eagerly read of us in books, and had often longed to witness for himself the practical working of the free press, the municipal and political franchises, and the active parliamentary life of the great Constitutional State. Now that he did so, his admiration kindled into enthusiasm, and he was never weary of contemplating the spectacle from every possible point of view. No wonder he prolonged what he had at first intended to be only a short visit to this country, into a stay almost long enough to entitle him to letters of naturalization. During all these years he was ever on the *qui vive* to add to his stock of information; and pro-

bably no more active, keen, and sagacious observer of English life and manners was ever in our midst. His high birth, his ample fortune, his refined bearing, and witty conversation, made him quite a lion in the brilliant circles of Belgravia and Mayfair, whenever he chose to grace them with his presence, which was not so often as the *beau monde* could have wished. He was more frequently to be seen in the libraries of our parliamentary notabilities, with many of whom he contracted lasting and valuable friendships, than at Almack's and the opera. The *roués* of the fashionable world plied him with their blandishments in vain; he had too much to do to waste his time in dissipation, even supposing he had any inclination that way, which happily he had not. Were there not the rattling looms of Manchester, Macclesfield, and Derby to be seen, the Staffordshire coal-fields and iron foundries, and the Liverpool docks? He has come to these shores to pick up hints for the silk-throwsters and cotton-spinners of Genoa, and to learn the mysteries of guano for the benefit of the old-fashioned farmers of the Lomellina. We take it for certain he was one of the first to go and see Mr. Huxtable's pigs, and to listen to the marvellous revelations of that modern Triptolemus, as to how stones may be turned into bread, by simply calling in the aid of chemistry, to fatten our fields with the manure of the mastodons. He was thankful to Protectionist squires for many an agricultural hint, whilst he imbibed sound Free Trade doctrine at the feet of Cobden and Bright. For we were then in the midst of the great Corn Law struggle; nor could he have pitched on a more favourable time for seeing in full play all the thousand springs of England's complicated industrial and political life. Was Count Cavour in the Speaker's gallery during the great tariff debate on the 11th of March, 1842, when Sir Robert Peel expatiated so suspiciously, and so much to the disgust of the country gentlemen, on the soundness of the commercial maxim, "to buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest market"? Most likely he was, although we cannot positively affirm the fact. If he had not already set sail for Genoa—for it was in that year that he took his departure—we may be pretty sure he was there. For he followed every phase of the stirring controversy with the liveliest interest, and to what excellent purpose he studied it is triumphantly recorded in the liberal commercial code of his country.

We think we have a right to be proud that England was the university in which this eminent statesman graduated, "the greatest of the present age," as he is styled by a recent Reviewer, "and worthy to ranked with the greatest of any age." "*I taught the boy,*" Britannia can say, appropriating the honest boast with which Pitt's schoolmaster is said to have greeted the close of his illustrious pupil's maiden speech in Parliament.

If there be any who judge that recent events do not confirm the high estimate previously entertained of Count Cavour's sagacity, we own we are not amongst the number. He was no party to the sinister Peace of Villafranca. So far from it, he indignantly re-

signed office on the morrow of its conclusion, and his retirement caused an immediate fall in the English and Continental funds. The present dead-lock at Zurich proves that he was right. Meanwhile, the calm and resolved attitude of Italy which, by enlisting in its cause the public opinion of Europe, bids fair to baffle all the calculations of the despots, is entirely the result of his wise and temperate policy. The game is not played out as yet; and even as the pieces stand, there are many excellent judges who think that when he quitted the board he had still a very fair chance of checkmating the astute Frenchman, as he had already done his Austrian antagonist. Never were the *pawns* handled in so masterly a style. Fortunately, those who have succeeded him are all men of his school, although in all likelihood he must soon be recalled to power to disentangle, by some stroke of his genius, the seemingly hopeless embroglio. Doubtless should the liberation of the Peninsula—the one aim of all his profound combinations—be again defeated for this time, he will feel bitterly disappointed. For not even in Mazzini's fiery breast does the Italian idea glow more fiercely than in that of the cool and calculating Cavour. In the great things he has done for Sardinia, he has all along kept eagerly in sight the elevation of his greater fatherland. Yet, even should this hope be deferred, it is at least something glorious to have taught the Italians the true secret of their strength, and to have pointed out the means by which they must ultimately triumph. He has translated their inarticulate yearnings out of the raving jargon of revolution into the measured and intelligible language of reason, and has taught them how to render the poetry of childhood into the manly realities of contemporary history. If Italy is ever again to become independent because united,—she was never united but once, and then she was mistress of the world—she will owe it less to the two Napoleons, although both of them have blindly helped on her birth-throes, than to Count Cavour. The Bonaparte of our fathers' days, by massing together her petty states and municipalities into great provinces and kingdoms, and by subjecting all to his code, gave the death-blow to that narrow church-steeple or parish patriotism, as it is called, which has always been her deadliest bane, and against which Dante and Machiavelli had hitherto uselessly warned their countrymen. Molten thus into one in the fiery furnace of French conquest, the consciousness of a common country was unwittingly conjured up by the great Corsican magician. Strangely enough, it was *Austria* which for the first time appealed to this new spirit of Italian nationality, in her summons to the peninsula to cast off his yoke in 1814. And now we see the Imperial pamphleteer of our own times turning the tables upon the Hapsburgs, and endeavouring to chain this powerful Jin to his own tottering throne. That the attempt should succeed in the long run is simply impossible. For, meanwhile, the Italian idea has found *native* expositors, and already the mission of the prophet of despair belongs to the realm of the past; whilst that of the practical statesman, with a hopeful example to point to, of the bright future in store for the

whole nation, if it will only be true to itself, has stirred every patriot's heart from the Alps to Sicily.

England, then, if only by the lessons she gave Count Cavour during his apprenticeship to his craft in this tight little island, has done some small matter for poor Italy as well as boastful France. When he came to this country he was still smarting from the disappointment occasioned by the abortive movements of 1831,—in which, by the by, the present Emperor of the French figured as a sworn Carbonaro. As for the young Piedmontese, although he had already abandoned the politics of his family, and therefore naturally was no uninterested spectator of these revolutionary risings, he himself took no part in them. He was then just of age, having been born at Turin in 1810, during the French occupation of the country. Some will think it an ominous circumstance, that a sister of Napoleon I., the Princess Marie Pauline Borghese, was one of the sponsors when he was christened. However, we cannot afford more than a few sentences for the Count's antecedents previous to his visit to England, which was really the turning-point in his whole development. His first tutor up to his fourteenth year was the Abbé Frézet, who is known as the writer of a French history of the House of Savoy, from which province the Cavours are thought to have originally sprung. As the second son of a noble line, his father, according to the Italian custom in such cases, destined him for the army, and he was accordingly sent to the Royal Military Academy at Turin, where he so distinguished himself by his diligence and his fine aristocratic bearing, that he was recommended by his superiors to the Court of Charles Felix, as a page to wait upon the king. But he was soon found to be far too high spirited a lad to be made a lacquey of, even to a monarch, and to the infinite chagrin of his friends, who thought his career was now for ever at an end, he was dismissed in disgrace. His own words when he rejoined his friends at the Academy were, "Thank God, I have flung off that mule's burden!" It was in vain that he now strove, by redoubled diligence in his studies, to regain the good opinion of his family. History, geography, ethnology, general literature, and mathematics, he read with avidity; and so proficient did he become in this last department of science in particular, that the famous astronomer Plana, who was his instructor, said he never had so gifted a pupil. But it is quite characteristic of the debasement to which a despotic and priest-ridden court dooms the high-born idlers that flutter around it, that his relatives only despised him the more, as an incorrigible book-worm, utterly insensible to the claims of his exalted station, as the destined heir of a fortune of nearly a million sterling, and of an unsullied name. —It was far worse, of course, when he fell under suspicion of being a Liberal. At length, with the events of '31, and the razzia that followed against everything like free opinion, his position in the army—in which he had risen to the rank of a lieutenant, but for whose brilliant gaieties he had never felt any liking,—became so intolerable that his father felt constrained to yield a reluctant consent to his quitting the service.

He had now an opportunity of showing that he was anything but a dreamer, by entering upon that career as a practical agriculturist, which even amidst the heaviest cares of State he has never since relinquished, and which, especially after his return from England, after picking up all sorts of farming lore, has alone rendered him such an unspeakable blessing to his country. As already hinted, he was the first landed proprietor in the Subalpine kingdom to use guano on his fields; and although the rustic wiseacres laughed at him a good deal at first, they now import that manure to the tune of a million tons *per annum*. The cork plantations, too, of the Sardinian island, are his work, and many another happy innovation, which have made that formerly barren wilderness begin to blossom like a garden. For there is a good deal of the thrift of the Hollander—a little, too, of Dutch phlegm—about this sharp-witted Italian. Look at any tolerable portrait of him, and see if there be any mistaking the air of business that plays around those restless, though good humoured features. From behind the spectacles those keen eyes can see a thing or two, no doubt. An aristocrat every inch of him, certainly, but not above work. A man diligent in his business, whether in the stubble-land, the workshop, or the Cabinet; whichever comes handiest for the moment, and will do most good to his country. Such a man, Solomon says, shall stand before kings. A man well worth studying, but seen best in *action*. “What has he *done*?” Napoleon used to ask of any one who was praised to him as a genius. There need be no shrinking from this test, in the instance before us.

It was in 1842, as already observed, that Count Cavour, enriched with valuable information of all kinds most useful to a statesman, returned to Turin. He was then thirty-two, in the full vigour of life; and since he sleeps but four hours a day, enjoys robust health, and regards labour as a luxury, he had managed during his voluntary exile, to keep up his studies in every department of national economy, and the administrative sciences, with especial reference to the commercial, industrial, and international relations of Piedmont. But his first and foremost study was the English Constitutional System, which, in spite of present appearances, he was not without hopes of seeing one day acclimatized, and bearing its precious fruits, on his native soil. It so happened, too, that at the time of his return to Piedmont, things were looking far more promising there. A slight breeze was rippling the surface of the Dead Sea. Long had Sardinia been the very paradise of the Jesuits, who held the nobles in willing, and Carlo Alberto, as was often suspected even then, in unwilling tutelage. The ministers were the creatures of these living corpses, and scarcely in Rome itself was clerical domination more absolute. The Subalpine kingdom, in short, had become a Paraguay in the heart of Europe. But the hour of liberation was drawing on, and free England had meanwhile been schooling the man for the task. Taking advantage of the new life which had already begun to show itself in almost all the great cities of the peninsula, especially in the establishment of schools for the

poor, and institutions for the encouragement of science, art, and literature, Count Cavour, soon after his return, founded, with the help of other eminent Piedmontese patriots, the Royal Agricultural Society of Sardinia, which soon numbered more than 2000 members. In this and other philanthropic and scientific associations, the Liberals, in spite of Della Margherita's jealous police system, found centres of union; by means of which they consolidated their strength, and were enabled to exert a certain degree of moral influence, which favourable circumstances could not fail to convert—for the want of other organs of public opinion—into real political power. Pio Nono's reforms and the Tuscan movement furnished this occasion, and rendered the Provincial Congress of the Societa Agraria at Alessandria an ever memorable event in the history of Sardinian freedom. Soon Carlo Alberto, by relaxing the restrictions on the press, gave it to be understood that he was not disinclined to still more important political concessions. But between the king and the people lay entrenched the black legions of the clerical party, strong in its alliance with the feudal aristocracy, many of whose members were affiliated to the Jesuits. It was necessary to put to the rout this formidable phalanx, if Carlo Alberto and the nation were to be brought together in a common effort for the regeneration of the State.

Cavour's keen discernment saw at once the seriousness of the crisis, when the events of the autumn of 1847 threatened absolutism with shipwreck. A foe alike to the clerico-aristocratic *régime* on the one hand, and to all revolutionary violence on the other, he felt the vast importance of warding off too stormy a collision, by getting a hearing for the opinions of temperate though earnest reformers. Wise and enlightened journalism he instinctively saw to be the best means to this end. He therefore established, in conjunction with his friend, the illustrious historian of Italy, Count Cesare Balbo, and other eminent patriots—such as Count Santa-Rosa and the Cavaliere Boncompagni—a daily paper, "*Il Risorgimento*,"—which, in spite of its aristocratic staff, soon became the organ of the middle classes. It speedily became the *Times* of Turin, only, happily, an honest *Times*; sternly closed to all democratic flummery and Mazzinian theories. In its influential columns the English constitutional system first became extensively known and popular in Piedmont and Italy at large, through the powerful pen of Cavour. At the same time the Count's saloons became the headquarters of the *élite* of the Liberal party, just as his father's had heretofore been the favourite rendezvous of the Reactionaries; and his honourable ambition was gratified at seeing himself recognized as the leader of an important political section. Animated, brilliant chat, rather than discussion, amidst the rushing current of events, was the order of the day in these *réunions*; and the quiet, cool insight, with which the master of the house unravelled the tangles of the situation, and his imperturbable humour, even in the gravest moments, were the theme of general admiration. Already in the January and February days of 1848 he saw the storm that was hurrying on, and resolved to

be beforehand with it, by boldly taking the place which he felt belonged to him as the mouth-piece of the moderate patriots. It was he who, amidst the popular rage at the ministry's refusal of an audience to the Reform deputations to the king from Genoa and the other great towns, and even from the priest-ridden island of Sardinia, guided the swelling stream into a safe channel. His was the decisive voice at the meeting of the Turin press convened on the occasion, at which, when reforms were spoken of, he, amidst general acclamations, insisted that the one reform needed was a *constitution*, whereupon he was selected, together with Santa-Rosa and Durando, to lay this demand at the foot of the throne. Accordingly, after urging, in conjunction with his colleagues, upon the helpless and bewildered Cabinet the fearful perils of delay, the Count himself wrote to the king through the post, enclosing the minutes of the meeting which the Censorship had burked, and solemnly assuring Carlo Alberto that he and those who acted with him were loyally bent on nothing save a happy alliance between the majesty and security of the Crown and the true interests of the country. It was mainly owing to him also that these vigorous steps were followed up on the 5th of February by an address to the same effect, which was carried in the strongly aristocratic Municipal Chamber of Turin, by a majority of three-fourths. Two days afterwards the king announced in a manifesto to his overjoyed subjects Sardinia's accession to the ranks of the Constitutional States of Europe.

The new electoral law was Cavour's work, which he undertook at the request of the ministry; and when, in the May following, the Turin Parliament met for the first time, he sat in the Lower Chamber, as deputy for the first electoral college of the capital. But, meanwhile came the five bloody days of Milan, the cry which rang throughout Italy for the War of Independence, Carlo Alberto's prompt response in the defiance hurled at Austria on the 23rd of March, and his first intoxicating victories and subsequent ominous checks. And now, at the very outset we discover, what subsequently becomes verified throughout his whole career, in how strikingly original a manner our illustrious Italian pupil has apprehended the Constitutional system. As he has listened admiringly to the debates in our own House of Commons, his agile southern intellect, overleaping John Bull's honest but, perhaps, rather "slow" and humdrum prejudices about party consistency, has conceived an idea of a somewhat novel and fruitful kind. He does not see why the same man may not be a Tory at one time, and a Radical at another, so that he be consistently patriotic in both phases. He is for rolling Russell and Peel into one, a sort of embodied Coalition, who is to be the former on the eve of a Reform Bill and the latter on its morrow. The *situation*, not a mere party shibboleth, is to decide a politician's course, and he sees no intrinsic reason for a change of captains, because the vessel of the State at one time requires more ballast, and at another more sail. This idea, into some dim apprehension of which we ourselves are being

at last nudged by circumstances, is the key to the whole career of this remarkable statesman, and is the secret of his great success. As already hinted, he began to put it in practice from the first. He who had done more than any other man towards the setting up of this Turin Parliament, a whole revolution in itself, took his seat when he entered it, amongst those very Reactionaries to whom he had been all along, and was still as much as ever in principle, most vehemently opposed. Nor was he in any bad sense of the word inconsistent in this. For meanwhile a tornado of anarchical passions had broken loose. Besides, although ardently sympathizing with the War of Independence, he entirely disapproved of the policy which directed it, and which was expressed in Carlo Alberto's proud saying, "L'Italia farà de sè." For he did not believe in 1848 any more than in 1859, that America was degraded because she accepted the help of France in the achievement of her independence; or Germany, because she once owed her salvation to Gustavus Adolphus; or even England, because she is indebted to a Dutchman for all her present liberties. In like manner, in Italy's extraordinarily difficult position, he thought then, as he doubtless thinks now, in spite of certain wiseacres both here and elsewhere, that she required the aid of one of the great powers,* and that her whole future was not to be risked on a single throw of the dice. The melancholy fields of Custozza and Novara were too soon to justify his foresight. As for himself, his enemies of course had meanwhile the satisfaction of being able to liken him to Actæon devoured by his own dogs. In the Chamber, in the democratic press, and in the clubs, he was denounced as the Reactionary *par excellence*, and at the new election in January, 1849, his constituents read him a lesson by electing a Radical university professor in his stead. He, however, declined to take it, and though excluded from the Parliament of his own creation, energetically opposed as a journalist the new democratic ministry of Gioberti. After the dark day of Novara, the subsequent abdication of Carlo Alberto, and the rejection of the Austrian Treaty by the Legislature, he gained his seat in the Parliament summoned by Victor Emmanuel's minister, the Marquis d'Azeglio, to ratify the humiliating peace, and it was at his dignified suggestion that it was passed *sub silentio*. The Premier had told the nation, that by returning a Chamber which should seal this inevitable compact,

* England was the power to which he would have preferred to apply, just as he would much rather have been under obligations to this country on the more recent occasion, had not the unaccountable apathy of Lord Palmerston, in the "Cagliari" affair, afforded such a discouraging commentary on the Count's handsome encomium on that minister in 1848, as to present but slight hopes of our making a generous return for the aid furnished us by Sardinia, *at our own invitation*, against the Russians in the Crimea. "My confidence in England," said Count Cavour, in 1848, "rests on the honourable character of the statesman to whose hand the helm of Government is entrusted; on Lord John Russell, the Premier, on Lord Palmerston, the Foreign Minister. Lord John Russell, I say it without reserve, at the risk of being charged with Anglomania, is the most liberal minister in Europe."

they would at least enable their king to save what he loyally regarded as the brightest jewel of his crown—the Constitution. The hint, was fortunately taken, and the Cabinet, of which Cavour was soon to become the soul, obtained a decided majority.

That within less than ten years Piedmont has so completely recovered from that all but annihilating catastrophe, as to be now at least twice or thrice as strong as she was before that stunning blow felled her to the earth; her fortresses made almost impregnable, besides being far more powerfully armed; her new naval port of Spezzia bidding fair to grow into the Sebastopol of the west, whilst, by the transfer, Genoa is once more thrown open to the trade of the world; one of her staple industries—silk—doubled, and another—cotton—quadrupled; commercial treaties concluded with France, England, Belgium, the Zollverein, and other powers, her finances elastic and healthy: whilst, during the same period, Austria has doubled her enormous debt; the stain of Novara wiped out on the glorious fields of the Tchernaya, Palestro, and San Martino, and the war indemnity of three millions sterling avenged on her old foe by the cession of as many of the proud Hapsburg's wealthiest subjects; her alliance courted by the great powers, and her own right to a place amongst them already loudly talked of;—that Piedmont has achieved all this, we say, under the benign auspices of freedom; her temperate, wise, and enlightened use of which has rekindled the star of hope for Italy, and has become the praise of all tongues, she owes, under Providence, mainly to one man, and that man is Count Cavour. Not that we ought to underrate the high merits of Victor Emmanuel, and of the D'Azeglios, the Dabormidas, the Ratazzis, and other capable statesmen, who have appeared on the stage of public affairs in Turin during the same period. It would be grossly unfair to do so. But, at the same time, it must be admitted that the chief merit of *Il Re galantuomo*—as he is rightly styled in more senses than one, or even than two—is the loyal and wise confidence he has always displayed in his gifted minister, just as their chief merit consists in having refrained from unpatriotically thwarting him when they were in opposition, and in having cordially seconded him as his colleagues when in power. With all due recognition of the rightful claims of others, from the throne downwards, this wonderful triumph of constitutional statesmanship is none the less emphatically his. What is the most surprising thing of all is, that this has been achieved amidst a fervidly Catholic people, in the very teeth of the priesthood, backed by the whole power of Rome. It was in a conflict with the Church, the great debate on the Siccardi laws for the abolition of clerical jurisdiction, that, tacking again as the situation changed, he broke away from his friends, Counts Balbo and Revel, on the Right, and, advancing towards the Centre, secured the triumph of the Bill, by a masterly speech (March 7th, 1850) which at the same time regained for him a great portion of his lost popularity. It was at his instance that Siccardi was invited to join the Cabinet; and the Right Centre, as the section led by himself was now styled, soon comprehended the great ministerial majority. When charged by his

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former associates with desertion, he defended himself characteristically by alleging the examples of the Duke of Wellington, who, by conceding Catholic Emancipation in 1829, in opposition to his own party, averted a religious war in Ireland in 1830; of Lord Grey, who, by advocating reform at the expense of his order in 1832, preserved England from all sorts of perils in after years; and especially of Sir Robert Peel, who, by sacrificing his adherents at the shrine of Free Trade in 1846, spared his country any share in the revolutionary turmoils of 1848. We see that conscientious apostasy is quite a settled principle with this singular political genius, and that the great turncoats of our parliamentary history are his tutelary saints. Of course, as the recognized leader of the House, he could not long remain out of the Cabinet, and, accordingly, he now felt himself free to make a distinct bid for power, of which he is undoubtedly fond. On the 2nd of July, 1850, he delivered, by way of criticism on a Loan Bill, brought in by the Finance Minister, Nigra, his celebrated Portfolio Speech, as it is called. It lasted several hours, and was an elaborate exposition of his entire political and economical system; embodying in particular such a masterly financial programme that Signor Nigra was on the point, but for certain personal considerations, of resigning on the spot in favour of his talented rival. As it was, the first department vacated—which was that of Commerce and Agriculture—was offered him, and accepted; two months afterwards the Marine was added; and by the spring the coveted Portfolio of Finance as well. *Tria juncta in uno*—he is so fond of work, my Lord Normanby!

During the eight years following down to the Peace of Villafranca Count Cavour has never been out of office, save during the nominal rather than real interregnum of five months between the dissolution of D'Azeglio's first government, and the formation of his own, Nov. 4th, 1852, and during another of about a month between his resignation, in consequence of the fierce episcopal opposition to his measure for the dissolution of a number of the lesser convents in April, 1855, and his recall. We cannot afford room for anything like an outline of his activity during these fruitful years, but it was truly astonishing, and the results are before the world. From his first entrance into the D'Azeglio administration, he became its ruling genius, and it soon began to be called by his name. He stirred up all his colleagues to some purpose, and really *did* just what Carlisle describes, in his "Latter Day Pamphlets," as the work of the modern Hercules, who is some day to make a New Downing Street for us. Running water was let into those old government offices at Turin, in plentiful streams. Such swashing and swilling was never known, but the owl-droppings of centuries were at last got rid of, and the real pavement brought to light. Administrative reform was followed by Law reform, and this by an adjustment very much wanted indeed between the police and executive departments and the *Constitution*, that indispensable wall of fire which keeps off Austrian beasts of prey, and may perhaps, singe them a little in due season. That must be kept up, at all costs, as our *decus et tutamen*.

Next came the commercial treaties already mentioned, paving the way for important political relations with foreign states, besides being good things in themselves. Of course, too, Free Trade must crown the edifice, though good, well-meaning Count Revel convulses the country, and well nigh shakes the solid majority to pieces, with his Protectionist sound and fury. A pretty fair spell of work this, for about a year and a half; a batch of measures which has justly made the D'Azeglio Administration famous throughout the world. All this effected, too, in spite of many perils to the State on the right hand and on the left, at home and abroad. For in the midst of all came the *coup d'état* at Paris, which, in order to steer clear of France, made it necessary to sail very close to the wind. "Hitherto," was the shrewd observation of the premier, "Sardinia has made herself talked of a good deal; we must now take pains to let ourselves be forgotten." But the blatant democratic press of Turin would not listen to this wise counsel, and it was important to prevent their doing irreparable mischief by their unmeasured attacks upon the chief of a great neighbouring State. Never did Cavour show himself more truly great than in the management of this ticklish affair, under one of a like nature to which Lord Palmerston, with a majority of a hundred, so completely broke down. Nor can any better illustration be given of the Sardinian minister's original style of politics, or of its telling effect, not only on his more immediate purpose, but also on his whole parliamentary position. We know that he has got an odd knack of changing sides, according as the boat—for such seems to be his theory of this most unconstitutional practice—is liable to capsize to larboard or starboard, as the case may be. He rather seems to glory in being a turncoat; but on this occasion he blew hot and cold in the same debate. He improved on his favourite Sir Robert Peel's achievement; for he not only caught the Whigs bathing and stole their clothes, but he stole the Whigs themselves. Think of a minister suddenly changing his tone in the midst of a parliamentary pitched battle, and by a single well-timed sentence carrying off bodily all that are worth having of a solid Opposition, and that not for the nonce only, but for better or worse till death them do part. This marvellous feat Count Cavour actually accomplished when in the course of the five or six days' heated debate on the proposed regulations for restraining the attacks of the press against foreign powers, he solemnized what is nicknamed the "Connubio," or *wedding* between the Right and Left Centres, and thus fused into one powerful, unassailable majority—against which the Jesuitical and anarchical factions have ever since been gnashing their teeth in vain—all the best liberal elements in the Chamber. This, besides carrying the Bill, was the precious permanent result which he bore off in triumph from a conflict which shook the D'Azeglio ministry to its foundations. Oddly enough he did the ministry this service in spite of the more timid amongst his own colleagues, and even of the Premier himself, who dreaded lest the formation of *too* strong a Liberal party should aggravate the danger Piedmont was in from her two despotic neighbours. This fear,

expressed in the Cabinet itself, only confirmed the independent Cavour in the resolution he had taken. He had seen with unfeigned alarm how, as the exciting discussion progressed, the centre of gravity of the danger had shifted. At the outset he had delivered a telling speech in favour of the Bill, clearing it of the suspicion of its being an inspiration either from the Tuileries or Schönbrunn, and appealing felicitously in its favour to the strong common sense of the Liberals against their own too touchy susceptibilities, as in the following characteristic bit of humour:—"Let us suppose, gentlemen, that we are obliged to pass by a sleeping lion, and that one of our number, in spite of our leader's warnings to tread softly and silently, were determined on shouting and raising his voice so as to make himself heard, should we not all agree to clap our hands upon his mouth, and to tell him, 'If you are bent on being swallowed alive, we at all events have no desire to be eaten.' But if, in spite of our taking all possible care to make no noise, the lion should wake up and want to spring upon us, then, gentlemen, we should all know how to defend ourselves, at least if we deserve the name of men." But besides thus disarming objections, and representing in the liveliest colours the international perils of a licentious journalism, he had opened a galling fire of Conservative argument against extreme democratic ideas in general. Encouraged by this demonstration, the Reactionaries began to speak of the inadequacy of the contemplated measure of restriction, and to hint at the necessity of a censorship, a limitation of the suffrage, abolition of the National Guard, a reduction of the army, and a remodelling of the constitutional system after the newest Parisian cut; and at last, as day by day the tide of party passion rose, Signor Menabrea, one of the leaders of the Right, went so far as to say that "the hour had now struck for taking a bold leap across the grave,"—*i.e.*, as he was well understood to mean, to make an end of the Constitution. Cavour at once saw the gravity of the situation, and although the sands of the debate were nearly run out, he proved equal to the emergency. After hastily conferring with his colleagues, he rose, and in their name, although still insisting on the Government measure, solemnly protested that they would not go a hair's breadth beyond it, and that, whether in or out of office, they would resist with all their powers any proposal of the kind, come from whatever quarter it might. Comprehending, moreover, at a glance, from the cynical declaration of apostasy made by the orators of the Right, that the hour had indeed struck, not for flinging overboard the palladium, but for a decided rally of all the true friends of liberty to its rescue, he turned towards Signor Ratazzi,* the talented leader of the Left Centre, and responding to some general expectations of independent support to the ministry held out by him in view of the gravity of the crisis, he said, "I can highly appreciate your offer, since, from the realization of your idea, we may promise ourselves that we shall see the way paved

* He is now the Sardinian Premier, as our readers will hardly need to be reminded.

for a union of a more intimate kind of the leading Liberal sections amongst themselves and with the ministry, supposing the esteemed speaker on the Left to employ in defending us a portion only of the great abilities with which he has heretofore opposed us." This opportune application of the *talis cum sis utinam noster omnino esses* produced a very profound impression both in the Chamber and out of doors. The "Connubio," of which Count Cavour thus published the banns, was soon afterwards more closely cemented by the Count's cordially supporting and carrying Ratazzi's candidature for the presidency of the Chamber. Of course he was often twitted by his exasperated antagonists with this quite irregular transaction, and of course too he declared that he had thereby deserved well of his country, by preserving to it the ark of its strength. When, three years afterwards, the leader of the Right, Count Revel, again taunted him with it, he entered into an elaborate defence of it, which affords so striking a confirmation from his own lips of the theory we have been all along expounding of his seemingly Protean political character, and which any further review of his career would only serve to illustrate more copiously indeed, but not, we think, more to our purpose, that we wish we could give it entire. But our space is inelastic, and we must lay the pen aside, simply repeating our conviction that, in the subject of this paper, we have before us not only a constitutional statesman of a very high order, but one also of a perfectly original type.

VIII.

THE BRITISH NAVY.

A FRENCH naval officer, recently on a mission to this country, remarked to a British officer, that, despite the immense number of our merchant seaman, they were not practically available for manning our ships of war. This the Englishman admitted, but qualified the concession by adding that, though the men might not be secured at the beginning of a war they could subsequently; and that it would of course be the policy of England to prevent any other power obtaining the command of the Channel. "Obtaining the command of the Channel!" was the reply; "France could do so at any time under our present arrangements; or, rather, *has* command of the Channel at this moment."

It will be a question of deep interest to determine whether this exclamation was an idle boast or a well substantiated fact; and we

are anxious to submit to our readers the data upon which he may be able to form a decision for himself.

The comparative history of the British and French navies may be considered to date from the beginning of the French revolutionary war. The two nations were possessed of unprecedented resources for the prosecution of the struggle on which they then entered: the one relying upon its vast military forces for repelling invasion, and securing the alliance of naval powers; the other enjoying a preponderance of ships, and being supported by an eminently maritime population. At that period England had 115 ships of the line and France 76; but the latter were of a superior class, carried more men, and mounted heavier metal; so that the superiority of the British fleet was by no means so great as would at first sight appear, and led Jean Bon Saint André to assert:—
“*Avant la prise de Toulon, la France était la puissance maritime la plus redoutable de l’Europe.*”

The struggle began, and England had sometimes to fight against the fleets of the world; but practical seamanship, tactical skill, and dauntless daring, carried her triumphant through that long protracted conflict. At its close she stood before the world with far larger resources, both personal and material, than those with which she had entered it, having swept from the seas eighty French ships of the line and twice as many frigates and smaller vessels,—having snatched prestige from the brow of her enemy, and confidence from her heart, besides reducing almost to destruction the naval forces of the allies by which France had been aided. Britannia had become the mistress of the waves.

In 1812 the war was drawing to a close, and the relative strength of the two nations was as follows:—

1812.

		Line of Battle				Smaller			
		Ships.		Frigates.		Vessels.		Total.	
England	245	...	272	...	314	...	831	
France	113	...	72		

The war ceased, and years rolled on. In 1820 we find the fleets of the two nations thus:—

1820.

		Line of Battle				Smaller			
		Ships.		Frigates.		Vessels.		Total.	
England	146	...	164	...	145	...	455	
France	58	...	39	...	38	...	135	

Ten years later the old material created in previous years of

war seems to have been partly consumed, and the numbers on both sides were diminished, though to the advantage of France:—

1830.

			Line of Battle				Smaller		
			Ships.		Frigates.		Vessels.	Total.	
England	106	...	144	...	102	...	352
France	53	...	67	...	83	...	203

In 1835 the British naval estimates were little more than £4,000,000, and the number of seamen and marines voted 26,500. As time elapsed the vast fleets decayed at their anchorage in ordinary; but though the number of vessels on both sides was greatly diminished, the relative proportions were not seriously affected:—

1840.

			Line of Battle				Smaller		
			Ships.		Frigates.		Vessels.	Total.	
England	89	...	108	...	87	...	284
France	44	...	56	...	89	...	189

The year 1850 was the beginning of a new era; not only in the internal economy of the British navy, but in its relation to that of France. Previous centuries had witnessed the gradual development of a system of naval construction and warfare, in which each age had improved on its predecessor; but when perfection seemed at length almost to have been attained, an entirely new element was discovered, by which the whole system of things was revolutionized. The successful application of steam to the commercial marine suggested its fitness for ships of war, and the era of paddle-wheel steamers arrived. But before many years had elapsed the screw-propeller was introduced, obviously possessing marked superiority over the paddle-wheel for war purposes. In 1847 there was not a single ship of the line fitted with the screw, and it was first applied only as an auxiliary power to some of the now despised block-ships; but from that period the re-construction of the navy, from a sailing to a steam fleet, rapidly proceeded. This was an opportunity for France not to be lost. The dynasty of Orleans had not ended when the French Government was inspired with the ambition to win a prouder dominion of the waves. The relative strength of the two fleets was then as follows:—

1850.

			Line of Battle				Smaller		
			Ships.		Frigates.		Vessels.	Total.	
England	86	...	104	...	79	...	269
France	45	...	56	...	87	...	188

But the year that closed the era of sailing ships and introduced the new *régime*, saw France devote herself to a rivalry with this country which she has since prosecuted with unswerving resolution and activity. The result has been proportionate; and her navy, which in 1850 was, in all that constitutes the real defence of a nation—namely, liners and frigates—*scarcely more than half* of that of Great Britain, was in December last *equal to our own*. England had (omitting the block-ships) 33 sail of the line afloat and complete, and France 32; England had 26 frigates, and France 34; and it is estimated by the French Commission of Naval Officers that they will have by the year 1860 a steam-fleet consisting of 40 screw line-of-battle ships, 6 iron-plated frigates, 30 screw frigates, 19 paddle frigates, and 26 steam transports.

It thus appears that since the year 1852 France has augmented her total number of steam liners from 2 to 40, and England from 17 to 50; that France has increased the number of her steam frigates from 21 to 46, and England from 21 to 34, besides her block-ships of sixty guns from 4 to 9. It must also be observed, that while the total numbers of ships in the French fleet are 264, and in the English they are 464 vessels, the preponderance is to be found in the smaller class of ships, which, however useful for certain special services, take no place in that line of battle in which the real strength of the navy and the defence of a country rests.

But if the navy of France has thus risen to so unprecedented a position, both absolutely and relatively, to this country, it has not been because no advance has been made, and no money spent upon our own fleets, as the following table will show:—

In 1852, the Navy Estimates were	£5,707,988
1853-4, (war anticipated)	6,132,543
1855-6, (Russian war)	11,857,506
1857-8,	8,010,526
1858-9,	8,440,871
1859-60, (including Supplementary Estimates)	
about... ..	12,000,000*

If the fact were to be broadly stated, that fifty years ago we had 245 ships of the line and 272 frigates, and that now we have only 49 liners and 43 block-ships and frigates, it would be strictly cor-

* Nearly £24 per minute throughout the year. Out of the 167 years intervening between 1688 and 1855, 67 have been devoted to war. During that entire period, excepting only in the late Russian war, France was our enemy. "The aggregate cost of those 67 years of struggles with our various foes, on land and at sea, was just £1,500,000,000, or, on an average, rather more than £22,000,000 a year—that is, about £85 per minute."

The spread of canvas for such a ship considerably exceeds an acre and a half; her mainmast, without topmast, yards, or rigging, costs about £500, the foremast some £380, the mizenmast £100, and the bowsprits and jibboom £220. Her anchors and cables weigh upwards of 100 tons, and her provisions and stores for six months exceed 300 tons. In explanation of the expenditure thus incurred in ship-building it may be mentioned that not more than forty oak trees can grow on an acre of land, so as to yield each two loads of full-grown timber. In order, therefore, to build a ship like the *Duke of Wellington* the produce of seventy-six acres of oak forest, of the growth of a hundred years, would be necessary; and to supply the demands of the British navy would absorb annually the produce of some 14,000 acres of forest.

The annual expense of maintaining these costly structures is proportionate. Thus, irrespective of the pay of the crew, &c., the yearly outlay on the *Duke of Wellington* amounts to rather more than eight per cent. on the original expenditure:—

Hull	£6,377
Masts, sails, rigging	3,748
Engines, &c.	4,200
	<hr/>
	£14,325

Thus the article of fuel has become an important item in the expenditure of a fleet, as the consumption of many of the larger vessels not unfrequently exceeds 100 tons a day, which costs the British Admiralty from 11s. to 18s. a ton at the home ports. Thus a squadron of ten vessels, each of 900 horse-power, going at half speed under steam—the most economical rate*—“would burn about 900 tons between Toulon and Algiers, and rather more than 5000 tons between Toulon and Brest. An idea may hence be formed of the enormous expense of a large fleet for this article alone, or even the cost of a few ordinary evolutions.”† In this respect England enjoys great advantages over France, who, in the event of war between the two countries, would become for the most part dependent on Belgium for supplies of fuel.

The gradual and unavoidable decay of ships when built makes a constant demand upon the dockyards. At the end of fifteen years very extensive repairs are necessary, and a ship may be considered to be worn out at thirty. During the last ten years thirty-

* “In making way against a current, the most advantageous consumption of fuel is found to be that which gives the vessel a rate fifty per cent. stronger than that of the stream the vessel has to stem.”

† Hans Busk.

five ships of the line and forty-six frigates have thus disappeared from the effective list, and an average of three liners a year is necessary to supply the deficiency arising from this source. So enormous, indeed, is the cost of everything connected with the service, that no less than £24,000,000 sterling have been expended between the years 1852 and 1858 in the building and re-building of ships. The result now accruing to the nation is as follows:—

	1852.	1858.
Number of Ships..	177	464
Guns	3045	8246
Tonnage	182,562	457,881
Horse-power...	44,482	99,512

The votes for new works have necessarily made a proportionate increase. Between 1852 and 1858 the augmentation in this respect has been from £265,140 to £585,862, or 120 per cent. As the ships increase in size, the slips and docks previously sufficient are found to be too small, and a great expense has to be undertaken of re-construction. Thus, when Sir J. Pakington spoke, there were in her Majesty's yards 42 building slips, but only 9 were large enough for the construction of first-rates; while out of 33 docks only 4 would hold the largest ships.

If the size and cost of ships has thus increased, the effective armament has been proportionately strengthened. When the French revolutionary war broke out, our frigates carried 9 and 12-pounders, and the heaviest guns in the service were 32-pounders. At the present time the *Doris* or *Diadem* may be taken to represent a first-class screw-frigate, and their armament consists of two 68-pounder pivot guns, and ten 68-pounders on their upper decks, and twenty 84-pounders on their main-deck, and their speed is more than twelve knots per hour, with engines of 800-horse power.

The reader will now be anxious to know what is the actual strength of the British navy, and what is being done to restore the fleet to the proper relative position from which it has been suffered so seriously to fall. In making our computation we must deduct nearly all the sailing ships now remaining on the list; for, with the exception of those in course of conversion to steamers, and the more recently built frigates, we are assured by the Surveyor of the Navy that there is scarcely one that is fit for use, and that most of them require such extensive repairs that it would be undesirable to incur the expense. The following is the return of the Surveyor of the Navy from the 1st January of the present year:—

STEAM NAVY, 1ST JANUARY, 1859.

	Afloat.		Building or Converting.	Total.
	Screw.	Paddle.	Screw.	
Ships of the Line	33	—	16	49
Frigates	19	9	6	34
Block Ships	9	—	—	9
Mortar Ships	4	—	—	4
Corvettes or Sloops	38	35	9	82
Small Vessels	3	24	—	27
Gun Vessels	26	—	—	26
Gun Boats	161	—	1	162
Floating Batteries	8	—	—	8
Tenders, &c.	4	38	—	42
Sloops and Storeships	13	2	—	15
Yachts	1	4	—	5
Total	319	112	32	463

All the ships stated to be afloat are not, however, in commission. In July last there were 12 screw sail of the line at home and 14 in the Mediterranean, making a total of 26 in commission; of frigates, there were 13 on the home station, and 3 in the Mediterranean; of corvettes and sloops, 32 at home, and 19 in the Mediterranean: making a total of 106 steam-ships in commission, besides gun-boats, while in other stations in various parts of the world there are 200 sailing and steam-ships employed in protecting the commerce of our colonies. Besides these are the nine block-ships, which, if not strong enough to take their place in line of battle, would yet be competent for good service for coast defence, and also as nurseries and recruiting ships for the fleet. There are also 10 sail of the line ready for commission, there will be 3 more in the autumn, and 1 is under repair; giving a total of 40 screw-ships of the line now afloat; 10 more liners are building, and 6 in process of conversion:—making altogether 56 sail of the line, of which 50 are to be afloat by the end of the financial year, besides the block-ships, 37 frigates, and 140 corvettes, sloops, and gun-vessels.

It is also a matter of congratulation, that the inferiority which at one period marked the construction and equipment of the naval ships of this country no longer exists, and that instead of being imitations they have become the models of the world. The latest built have advantages over those which were designed for sailing ships and were afterwards converted into screws; and many of

them are unrivalled in their efficiency, whether as sea-boats or men-of-war. A competent witness affirms that, in dimensions, form, means of propulsion, and powers of attack and defence, the new ships are "the embodiments of all such sound and well-tested improvements as have been found compatible with the purposes for which ships of war are designed."*

There are also other resources of which the country may avail itself, in case of necessity, at any moment. The number of steamers belonging to the commercial marine of England is nearly 2000, of which 231 might be converted into ships of war, no fewer than 159 of them being more than 1000 tons burden. There are also 10,000 shipwrights in Great Britain, in addition to those employed in the Royal Dockyard; who—according to the old shipwright maxim, that 1000 men can build eight ships of 1000 tons in twelve months—can turn out 80 corvettes of 1000 tons each, every year, or between six and seven every month. Should, therefore, the occasion arrive, the royal yards might employ themselves exclusively upon the larger ships, and leave the construction of and repair of the smaller crafts to private hands.

At the same time, it must not be forgotten that the present is an era of transition in the arts of war. The increased and now tremendous power of the new artillery has naturally suggested the necessity of some additional defences for ships, and the plan has been adopted of sheathing some of them with iron. These were built during the Russian war, and some trial was made of French plated ships, at Kinburn, with satisfactory results. In various experiments made at home, it has been found that a shell falls to pieces against a four and a half inch plate; that cast iron is equally powerless, but that a wrought iron 68-pounder will, under certain favourable conditions, pierce it. This amount of penetrability is of very little moment, since in the last war tons of shot were fired through the ships as they lay yard-arm to yard-arm, without producing decisive results; and perhaps an inch or an inch and a half slab of wrought iron may still be sufficient to repel shell from a ship's side. At the same time it is obvious, that if the offensive power of artillery should increase, if the Armstrong gun come into common use, if wrought iron embrasures should be employed in fortification, and if there be anything in Norton's fire, some new means of a defensive character must be employed against these incendiary missiles, which may involve serious charges in our system of naval construction. In the anticipation of this, the French Government are building twenty iron-

* Mr. Reed's Lecture at the Society of Arts.

plated ships, with the scantling of three-deckers, armed with 36 guns each, most of them rifled and 50-pounders, and throwing an 80lb. hollow percussion shot. So irresistible are the qualities of these vessels, that it is considered by many that they will eventually supersede all other classes of ships of war; but other and competent authorities entertain very different anticipations; while all must admit that England must hold her place in the van of advancement.

Meanwhile a great experiment is being made by the British Admiralty in the construction of a gigantic steam-ram, which it is expected will prove a most formidable engine of war. This vessel is of wrought iron, 380 feet long, 58. broad, 41 in depth, and of 6000 tons burden. She will be propelled by engines of 1250 horse-power, at a speed of sixteen knots an hour. The first quality intended to be secured for this sea-monster is impenetrability. For this purpose the keel is constructed of immense slabs of wrought iron, into which ribs of the same material are fitted, and these are covered with beams of teak, and—from a distance of five feet below water-line—with iron plates, fifteen feet long by three broad, and four inches and a half thick. The main and upper decks will be of iron, carried on beams of wrought iron, to which both ribs and decks are bolted; while extending from stem to stern are immensely massive wrought-iron beams at intervals of five feet, crossed by diagonal bands, which tie the whole together in a complete network. The iron plates, however, shield only the fighting part of the vessel, or about 220 feet of the broadside; and the bow and stern are coated with only wrought-iron plates, an inch and a half in thickness, over two feet of teak; but “both bow and stern are so crossed and re-crossed in every direction with water-tight compartments, that it is a matter of perfect indifference whether they are riddled or not; and each of these ends is shut off from the engine-room and fighting portion of the ship by continuous massive wrought-iron transverse bulk-heads; so that, supposing it possible that both stem and stern were shot away, the centre of the vessel would remain as impenetrable as ever;” still covered with two feet of teak, coated with four inches and a half of wrought iron. This tortoise ship will be armed with thirty-six of Armstrong’s 100 pounders, having a range of five miles.

The aggressive power of this vessel will not, however, be confined to her projectiles; but she is to be employed as a steam-ram, to crush and sink ships by running at them, taking them, if possible, in the stern or quarter; and as she will weigh, when equipped and provisioned, some 9000 tons,* it is believed that she

* The weight of a ship’s engines, boilers, &c., is about 14 cwt. per horse-power.

will sink a line-of-battle ship in three minutes. The bowsprit is telescopic, that it may be housed before striking the enemy; the bow is constructed strong enough to bear the shock; the crew will retire aft to avoid falling masts and spars; and the engineers will stand by to reverse the engines as soon as the blow has been delivered, in order to clear the ship from the sinking wreck of her antagonist. Whether this monster of the deep will realize all the expectations of her designers is a problem yet to be solved.

The manning of the navy is a subject not less important than any to which we have adverted. It is of little use that we have ships, however efficient, unless we have sailors to man them; and yet it is a fact, that though the merchant service of England is incomparably larger than that of France, it is far easier to man French ships of war than English. The reason is obvious—they have a maritime conscription, a system we cannot employ, and the days of the press-gang have departed. Hence, English ships have often to lie in harbour for weeks, or even months, before they can complete their complement; thus the *Renown* had to wait 172 days, and the *Marlborough* 129 days, though they are the finest ships of their several classes in the navy. Nor was it consistent with the dignity of the Queen's service, that when a bounty was recently offered, the announcement should have to be accompanied with the vulgar advertising arts of a cheap tailor's warehouse, or that the Secretary of the Navy should state in parliament that the seduction of a good "dinner of roast beef on Sundays" induced a good many of the friends of the crew to come on board the block-ships, and thus were persuaded to join the fleet. On the contrary, while the apparatus of bounty, and penny-boats, and placards, and fiddles and beef were employed to win the coy British tar to the defence of his country, the French Government silently called out an additional levy of 10,000 seamen, who joined their ships in a fortnight.

The contrast they presented has not escaped the observation of the French Government, and naturally suggested to her officers the consideration, that much might be done, should war arise, by striking a decisive blow immediately on its breaking out. On this point Captain de Montaigne spoke before a Naval Commission in 1851. "This makes me think," he said, "that if France had ships enough, at the first moment of war, to put to sea a strong fleet of twenty-seven or thirty sail of the line, for instance, she would have, with her good organization of the *personnel*, a considerable advantage over England; because I do not believe, and it is the opinion of her own officers, that she could have, for the outbreak of war, thirty sail of the line."

The power of the French conscription over some 90,000 seamen,

all of whom, it is believed, might be put on board their respective ships in four or six weeks, and any proportion of whom are equally available, gives to the French Emperor a strength and promptitude for action not possessed by any constitutional Government. Hence a reduction of the naval forces of the two powers are two very different things. A disarmament in France means only the formation of reserves, capable of being brought forward at any time; while every sailor paid off in England is amenable to no conscription laws, and is lost to the service. If England and France were each to put twenty line-of-battle ships out of commission, the French ships could be re-manned in a month; but the 20,000 British sailors would be scattered over the world, multitudes would have entered the American service, and probably not a tenth could be available for any immediate necessity.

The change, too, which has occurred through the introduction of steam, has affected the whole question of the manning of our ships of war,—a change, says a naval peer, from vessels “whose life and breath are the sailor, to yon great floating batteries moved by stokers, and which might be—nay, in Russia will often be—manned and fought by cavalry soldiers. For remember, that except for the work of the engine-room, it is for the *guns* the crew are required; and though we all know that sailors are preferable for all the varied incidents of the sea, they no longer supply the motive power, and their value in action with an enemy is now reduced to very small proportions. Now this opens up an entirely new view of naval affairs, and one which it would be most perilous to neglect; for although it is not to be supposed that any country will despatch a fleet to a distance without good crews of seamen, yet it is clear that the British Channel might be crossed, and a very good action fought by a fleet manned with artillery-men only—ay, and not a sailor on board!”

Various measures have been adopted of late years for the efficient manning of our ships of war. The internal condition of the navy has been greatly amended. The pay has been increased, till now the average of all ranks, which in 1852 was £39 14s. 8d., has advanced to £43 2s. Instead of entering the men for a particular ship, and putting it out of commission at the end of three years, and scattering the crew to the four winds, there is now a plan of “continuous service” with increased pay and privileges, which has answered exceedingly well. There are also on shore, 3400 first-rate seamen belonging to the Coast-guard, and connected with them a body of 6000 enrolled volunteers, who on an emergency would be employed, and would be sufficient to man a dozen line-of-battle ships. But it is only very lately that adequate measures have been adopted to meet the necessities of the case.

Besides the regular army, we have, as our readers know, a militia force trained for a certain number of days every year, but not necessarily permanently embodied. The principle of a subsidiary or militia force is now to be employed in connection with the navy. A number of men, not exceeding 30,000, are to be enrolled for a period of five years, to be called out for 28 days' training every year, for which they will receive regular pay according to their rating, and also £5 each man per annum. At the expiration of five years these Royal Naval Volunteers will have the option of retiring or of re-enrolling themselves. In the event of war, they will be liable to serve for three years in any part of the world, and if they are enrolled for ten years will be entitled to a pension. In this way a large body of men will be brought into connexion and sympathy with the naval service, which it is hoped will tend to break down the wall of separation between the mercantile and naval marines, and will, at a small outlay in time of peace, retain a large body of men for the disposal of the Government in the event of war.

We cannot conclude this article without adverting to the rapid and enormous increase in the naval strength of France, which has naturally awakened so much anxiety in this country. England, unlike her continental neighbours, has no colossal armies of hundreds of thousands of men; she is not defended by tremendous mountain chains, and labryinths of lagunes, and fortress-mantled defiles. She has fifty colonies scattered over the world to divide her strength, and every ocean is laden with her richly-freighted merchantmen. Hence she must have a fleet adequate to protect her numerous and distant possessions, and also to defend her shores at home. To say that if all her navy were collected in the Channel it would equal the ships in the opposite ports, were as rational as to argue that if Gibraltar were at Portsmouth it would be well defended. While, therefore, we deprecate the captious spirit in which many sections of the English press have of late criticized the acts of the French Government,—though we do not believe with Lord Howden, that “every Frenchman living dreams both by day and night of humiliating this country;” and though we think that when the Earl of Hardwicke declared that the British Government should “insist that the boundaries of this country in that direction should be the low water mark on the French shore,” he employed language both arrogant and offensive,—at the same time we have a right to demand why France, a neighbour and ally, has made such gigantic efforts to create a fleet for policy nearly equal to that we possess as a necessity? M. Thiers used to say that, when his Government decided on the strength of her army, she compared her forces with those of

Austria and Prussia; but when she considered what navy she needed, she looked only to the Channel fleet of England—to Portsmouth and Plymouth. Why has this principle been recently abandoned? Why has ship after ship been so hurriedly launched, and so silently armed with rifle cannon, and her arsenals worked with tireless assiduity? Why have immense works been carried on to augment the resources of every port, and Toulon been doubled and Cherbourg completed, so that now the extent of her dockyards and factories is equal to, if it does not exceed, that of our own country? Why is it that the programme laid down for future operations has been expanded, and it is now resolved that the French fleet shall include 55 or 60 ships of the line, 80 or 90 frigates, and 72 steam transports, each capable of carrying 1000 men and stores? Is all this labour undertaken, and this cost incurred, and the French national debt enormously increased, simply to control Russian fleets upon the seas, or to curb Austria, or to wring indemnities from Portugal, or to defend Paris from invasion by England? Excepting only Great Britain, the French navy could sweep the combined fleets of the world from the seas. The designs of the Emperor may be most peaceful towards this country, but the existence of his fleet is a menace, and its continued increase justifies and necessitates anxiety, remonstrance, and counter preparation of the most energetic character.

In a recent debate in Parliament, Mr. Bentinck stated that, during the Cherbourg *fêtes*, an Englishman of high position evoked from the Emperor an expression of his views upon the subject. His Majesty is said to have stated with a smile, that he was, perhaps, the best judge of what armaments were requisite for the well-being and honour of France; and added, that, in his opinion, it was necessary that France should have 50 sail of the best screw line-of-battle ships. "If," he continued, "I may venture in return to offer a suggestion, it is that the policy of England would be, to have at least 100 line-of-battle ships of the best description; and I believe that would afford the best chance of maintaining a long and lasting peace between the two countries." Whether this anecdote is genuine or not, the position at present occupied by these countries is not honourable. For the two Courts to sustain friendly and intimate relations, and for France to be pursuing a policy apparently so aggressive that England has to reply to it by anxious counsel and costly expenditure, is not honest. To be extending the hand of friendship and interchanging courtesies, while the one seems to be gathering itself up for attack, and the other is avowedly preparing for defence, may naturally suggest the inquiry whether the integrity of both nations is not being complimented away? For it

is worse than useless to pretend that the increased activity of our dockyards, and all our solicitude is in the view of any other power than France ; and it cannot be denied that it has arisen from a policy pursued with ceaseless energy by the Government of France perilous to the honour of her ally. "On this head," said M. Collas, the secretary of the French Naval Commission, "on this head we have certain data. Our adversary is known,—it *can only be England.*"

"I say that France," recently declared the peace-loving Mr. Cobden, "ought not to have as large a navy as England. Nay, I go further, and say that if I saw a disposition on the part of France to have as large a navy as England, and especially if I saw a disposition not to yield to the offer of an explanation, I should suspect France of a sinister purpose in those armaments ; and, if it came to a question of rivalry after that offer of explanation had been made, I would as cheerfully vote £100,000,000 sterling as I would vote £5,000,000 under the present system ; and for this reason, that England has no frontier but the sea, and has 40 or 50 colonies which have no defence except her navy. England has five times the mercantile navy of France, and this gives her a right to have a larger navy than France ; while France, as a military power, requires to have a larger army to guard her frontier against the other great military powers. It is impossible that France should not yield to such reasonable arguments as these. I very well remember that M. Thiers, M. Lamartine, and other great authorities, before the present dynasty, distinctly laid it down that France had no occasion to have as large a navy as England."

The duty of the British Government is therefore obvious. Respectful but energetic remonstrance should be made with their ally, that, if possible, a mutual and honourable understanding may be arrived at, for the future naval establishments of the respective countries, the proportions being founded upon those which have existed for the last fifty years, and which were not seriously altered till 1852. If diplomacy fail, the dockyards and arsenals must restore "the balance of power." Meanwhile, whatever additional means are requisite to create a fleet and competently to man it, must be promptly employed, and the highest attainable efficiency secured in every department of the service. Our vessels ought not to loiter month after month in the harbour, and when on the wing they may spare their coal and use their canvas, till they are able to go through every manœuvre of ship, squadron, and fleet with perfect precision. The nation that pays so much for ships and men will not grudge cordage nor sails, in order to make practised seamen, nor powder and shot that she may have not only

brave but accomplished marine artillerymen. We may then, by the wise appropriation of the means of national defence, practically adopt the advice of Sir Francis Bacon to Sir George Villiers:—"God is a God of peace,—it is one of His attributes; therefore, by Him alone we must pray and hope to continue it. There is the foundation, and the king must not neglect the just ways for it. Justice is the best protector of it at home, and providence for war is the best prevention of it from abroad." Or, as the poet said:—

"With common men
It needs too oft the show of war
To keep sweet peace."

Brief Notices.

ON THE AUTHORISED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, IN CONNECTION WITH SOME RECENT PROPOSALS FOR ITS REVISION. By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Dean of Westminster. (The Second Edition, revised and enlarged.) London: Parker. 1859.

A FEW years ago the question of the necessity for a new translation of the Bible appeared suddenly to be assuming a new phase, and to have gained for itself a more advanced position than it had formerly occupied. From the closets of divines and the narrow limits of theological and literary circles, it seemed to have sprung forward into the arena of popular discussion and agitation. It was evidently the persuasion of not a few that it had fairly passed through the preparatory stages of its history, and that the problem was now ripe for solution, if not pressing for a settlement. The prevalence of such a view was natural enough. Was it not undeniable that two centuries and a-half of learned research and general intellectual progress had passed over us since the authorised version saw the light? It was time that the precious results of all the learned toil which that period had seen should be

brought to bear on the correction of all that was faulty, and the improvement of all that was defective in our national version of God's word. It was both unwise and unjust that the community at large should be deprived of the benefits which they were thus entitled to inherit. Surely every Christian must wish to see the great record of God's truth and grace, the only authentic compendium of man's faith and duty, presented to his countrymen in a form as free from blemish as the learning and fidelity of the best men of the age can give it. The very fact that our own language has undergone great changes since the time of James I., so that the style of our common version is now in many points antiquated—sometimes obscure and unintelligible—sometimes positively misleading, ought surely to be in itself a sufficient reason, if not for an entirely new translation, at least for a thorough revision of that which is now in use. All this, with much more to the same purpose, was extensively pleaded, and such arguments must be allowed to possess considerable validity and force. The grounds, also,

on which they rest all acquiring strength and momentum with each succeeding year. Yet there are countervailing pleas that must be heard, and which are far more serious and influential than a superficial or sanguine advocate of the other side is disposed to admit. When we have set aside all that is merely sentimental, and all that is palpably incorrect in those objections against the proposed revision, that were soon loudly heard on platforms and from the press; when we have made up our minds that there is nothing traitorous in such a suggestion, nor anything of really sinister aspect to our common Christianity in such an attempt, when wisely conducted; still we must come to this conclusion, that the time for it has not yet arrived. Our equipment is not yet sufficient for such an undertaking, nor are the minds our countrymen prepared to welcome it. A thorough process of training and preparation, which has only recently begun, must be gone through by our Biblical scholars, on the one hand, and by the popular mind, on the other, before the favourable crisis is reached, when the sacred and responsible task may be successfully approached. The period that has intervened since the early part of the 17th century, has by no means been one of sure and steady progress in Biblical learning and scientific exegesis. A large portion of it, perhaps the whole of the last century, might be rather described as retrograde in that respect; and it is only within the last thirty years that these studies have in this country begun to make some satisfactory steps towards a just development. Much work, then, has yet to be done in securing the foundations on which we must build, if we would desire to rear a noble and lasting structure. And while there is enough in this way to occupy the energies of our scholars for years to come, there are many prejudices and not a little ignorance from which the minds of Christians generally must be

cleared, to enable them to appreciate such changes in the current version of the Scriptures as may hereafter be judged admissible.

The present epoch, then, is one of transition and preparation. This character is forced upon it, supposing nothing else were in the way, by the present position of religious sects in this country. A national revision of our common heritage, our present English Bible, must be in some way a *national* undertaking. No section, though ecclesiastically dominant, can any longer obtain acceptance for such a work emanating exclusively from its own bosom. Ecclesiastical pride and exclusiveness must greatly abate their pretensions among us before there can be the slightest prospect of a just combination of Christian scholars in the performance of this great service. The obstacles arising from this cause are indeed the greatest we have to encounter in the way of any present endeavours towards the proposed end. Compared with them, all other difficulties dwindle into insignificance. Few evils, however, are without their compensating benefits; and the hindrance thus interposed is like the friendly barrier of frost and snow, which prevents the tender buds and germs of vegetable life from bursting forth too early in the spring. By the time that the warm breath of a genial charity shall have thawed that barrier, the promise already presented of comprehensive and accurate Biblical learning will have ripened, we trust, into a fruitful maturity.

Meanwhile, as the husbandman in winter has no need to be idle, we have work enough to do.

*Frigidus agricolans siquando continet imber,
Multa, forent quæ mox cælo proponenda sereno,
Maturare datur.*

No part of that work is more important than what relates to forming a just and discriminating estimate of our present version. We hailed the first appearance of Dean Trench's work as a most valuable contribution

to that end; as, in fact, giving that comprehensive survey of the whole question, so far as relates to the New Testament, which ought to indicate the track which future improvements should pursue. It was, in fact, just such a work—judicious, discriminating, and scholarly—as might have been expected from the author of *Notes on the Parables and Miracles*, *New Testament Synonyms*, and *English, Past and Present*; uniting fine exegetical tact in the treatment of the original, with a thorough appreciation of the treasures and felicities of our older English speech. We rejoice to see that the work has reached a second edition, and would hail this as a sign that the public mind is really advancing in its intelligent and thoughtful consideration of the subject.

Those chapters of the work which treat of the defects and mistakes of the authorised version, illustrating these by individual instances, are of great interest, and possess an independent value as a series of trustworthy exegetical annotations on the passages in question. They form a sample of what we might hope to receive from such an association of scholars and divines as Dean Trench thinks should be invited to undertake the task of drawing up a list of proposed emendations, which should in the first instance be simply laid before the public mind for its mature consideration. The scheme is one that meets with our hearty approval, as one of the most important steps in that process of education which is needful in this matter. It is far preferable to the publication of the whole, or of separate sections, of the Scripture in an amended translation. The attempts that have recently been put forth by "Five Clergymen," in the form of revised versions of separate books of the New Testament, may be deserving, so far as their execution goes, of all the commendation Dean Trench bestows upon them; but anything of that kind will never lead to a practical solution of the difficulties of the case, for certain obvious reasons.

These volumes are at once too insignificant and too expensive to win general attention. The emendations introduced cost too much trouble to find them out in a continuous body of text, so that they do not arrest attention sufficiently, and awaken thought and inquiry. Since no emendations are desirable but such as are absolutely necessary—and these are by no means very numerous—the best plan of procedure undoubtedly is to set them forth by themselves, with their accompanying reasons, and thus leave them "gradually to commend themselves to all students of God's Holy Word." Our author, however, is certainly right in supposing that if any steps are taken towards constituting such a board of revision, they must proceed on truly liberal Christian principles and show a willingness to secure the co-operation of all competent scholars, irrespective of mere denominational distinctions. If this condition be not complied with, general confidence and interest cannot be awakened. And, as we have already remarked, we are as yet far from the prospect of seeing this essential condition realized. Again, therefore, we must fall back on the poet's lesson—

"Learn to labour and to wait."

Before closing, we must just point out two departments in which our labour has yet much to achieve. The one is that of the interpretation of the poetical and the prophetic portions of the Old Testament. These are, in regard of exegetical accuracy, decidedly the most defective parts of our present version, and cry most loudly for such correction as shall render them intelligible and trustworthy. It was beyond our author's province to touch on this head, and our space will not permit us to do more than mention it. Another question which did fall within his province, and which he has briefly noticed, is that of the settlement of the original text of the New Testament according to the best authorities. Here, again, we have more to

learn than many are aware. It is true that critical research has been most laudably active, and is increasingly so, in bringing to light the diplomatic information that is needful. But for our own part we must confess to a growing distrust of some of the principles by which Tischendorf, Oslitman, Alfors, and Tregelles are guided in their selection of readings. Too much is yielded to mere external authority, and that, too, when the preponderance is slight; too little weight allowed to internal considerations. We must obtain a more enlarged acquaintance with the peculiarities of the different MSS., both uncial and cursive, before we can feel safe in pronouncing a decision on many of the passages which the above-named critics have no hesitation in altering. We know not, indeed, what diplomatic treasures have yet to be brought to light, which may modify or confirm our views. The discovery recently made by Tischendorf gives us a hint of what may be in reserve to reward the patient inquiry of future explorers. We may, therefore, well be content to suspend our decision for a time on many troublesome questions in the department of textual criticism; while there are a few cases that may be regarded as exclusively settled. It were most desirable that some of these received more general recognition than has yet been obtained for them. There are still many intelligent Christians who have no just idea of the utter unworthiness of the passage of the "three heavenly witnesses" to form any part of the inspired text, and who would be sorely perplexed were they to encounter *the Lord's Prayer* without the crowning clause of the ecclesiastical *doxology*. A cautious and temperate handling of such points by the religious instructors of our congregations, in such a way as neither to offend prejudice nor to precipitate unreasonable doubts, is much to be desired, and is surely not too much to hope for.

OLD TRUTHS AND MODERN SPECTATIONS. By James Robertson, D.D. Edinburgh: William Oliphant and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1859.

IN the table of contents we find the following:—The Folly of Atheism—The Incredibility of Pantheism—The True God—The Unreasonableness of Unbelief—The Evil Nature of Sin—The Worth of the Soul—The Office of the Church—The Atonement—The Work of the Spirit—Moral Influence of Christianity—The Functions of Faith—The Two Representatives—The Second Advent—The Heavenly State—Conclusion—Appendix.

Here is a good array of topics! Dr. Robertson, of Thainrock Street Church, Glasgow, is a well-furnished theologian, and is competent to use his materials with facility and vigour. Absolute novelty is not to be expected in the treatment of the subjects included in this volume. But we meet here with more of freshness and independence than are usually encountered in the majority of efforts contemplating the same object. The author is well read in the heresies of the present hour, and must surely have kept pen in hand up to the time of going to press. We strongly recommend to young men these essays. Whether they have been addresses, or are reprinted articles, or now issued as original dissertations, we do not know. Their style is often oratorical, and betoken the habits of one given to periodical preparation for the pulpit, but are nevertheless chaste and energetic in style, clear in thought and clenching in argument, and fully abreast of the principal difficulties into which our latest literature has unnecessarily perplexed our Scriptural orthodoxy.

LEADERS OF THE REFORMATION. By John Tulloch, D.D., Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews. Wm. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1859.

THE substance of this volume was delivered in a series of lectures at the

Edinburgh Philosophical Institution last spring. The four names which rise most prominently to the mind in thinking of the Reformation as it dawned on successive days over Germany, France, Switzerland, England, and Scotland, are Luther, Calvin, Latimer, and John Knox; and these are the four leaders of the Reformation, whom, by a happy conception, Principal Tulloch has grouped together in one company in this volume. The method he has adopted to give the correct expression in his portraiture of these illustrious men is simple and true. He first with rapid touch depicts the external events of their life, and the surrounding scene of circumstances in which they took their places. In this biographic survey he discovers the nature, disposition, and original ground of character of each of these great reformers, and then exhibits its development both in the system of truth and the style of exposition which distinguishes them, and also in the moulding and ultimate results of their life. In the lives of these men we are taken back to the very sources of those mighty tides of quickening thought which have overrun and pervaded our modern civilisation; and it wonderful to observe how the waters run still the same as from those fountains three centuries ago. The soul of Luther still lives in Germany; of Calvin in the Reformed Church; of Knox in the north, and of Latimer in the south of our own island. It is true that with the friction and fusion of sentiment in our day these four currents seem occasionally to commingle; yet in this union they are separable, only the margins blend, the centres are incommunicably the same. The reason of this lasting identity cannot be that the individualism of the Reformers was so strong, so omnipotent, as to imprint of itself in a remote century a clear and ineffaceable superscription of their minds; but because each of them gathered in himself the deep and permanent peculiarities of national character, which, concen-

trated in intensest energy in their nature as in a burning focus, *shone out* on their own age, giving then immediate supremacy, and shining still on ours with unquenched lustre. These grand differences, featuring the character of the Reformers, and still marking the types of Protestant life in four countries, are brought out into vivid relief by the very proximity in which Principal Tulloch has placed them. This gives the special value and a great charm to his volume. The grand, impetuous, surging spirit of Luther, which heaved with the agony and frenzied strength of his new convictions like the roused ocean, laughed at the petty barriers by which they would curb his zeal; but yet in calmer *moods* could play in joyous hilarity with his children or banter his friends with merry mocking humour, and never could shape his thoughts into system, or fix his feelings in a strained monotone—how contrasted he is with the yet stronger Calvin, whose magnitude and firmness of purpose, whose systematic mind and vast but definite outlines of thought, and unvaried yet deep emotion, resemble a rooted and towering mountain. The grand restless sea is Luther—the grand motionless rock is Calvin.

Equally contrasted is the burly, homely, direct, practical Latimer, who embodies in himself the elements of the English Reformation, and John Knox, the ardent, resistless leader of the Scottish—each the noblest, the mightiest of men, whose spirits yet rule the energies and operations they evoked.

Dr. Tulloch's style might profitably take on more colour and polish. The sentences are sometimes rugged, and want to be rocked into a more flowing shape, upon the undulations of a finer rhythm. There is force but not sweetness in his style, and what flowers may bloom "do lean their cheek on thick-ribbed ice." This, however, is a slight blemish. For historical insight into the age of the Reformation, for clear painting of its stirring events,

and for a graphic and truthful delineation of the four Reformers, who stand in the central group of his picture, this book is most welcome and valuable. It condenses with brief compass the most important facts of the greatest age of the Christian era, so that it will be perused for the information it gives. It presents the four ruling spirits of that age, who are the four greatest men of their time and of all time; so that it will be perused for the heroic examples it presents, and the noble sympathies it awakens.

BOTANY AND RELIGION, OR ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WORKS OF GOD IN THE STRUCTURE, FUNCTIONS, ARRANGEMENT, AND SPECIAL DISTRIBUTION OF PLANTS. 3rd Edition, much enlarged. By J. H. Balfour, A.M., M.D., F.R.S., with upwards of 200 illustrations. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

THE name of Dr. Balfour will be a guarantee for the correctness of the scientific information this volume gives. It is, in this respect, a most pleasant and satisfactory hand-book of botany. In addition, it brings together the most exquisite illustrations of Scripture metaphors and images, borrowed from the vegetable kingdom. As specimens of this exposition of Biblical figures, we quote the following:—"In Psalm xcii. 12, the Psalmist says, that 'the righteous shall flourish like a palm-tree.' To those who inhabited Palestine, the illustration would lead them to contemplate the straight and erect growth of the tree, its unbranched and unencumbered stem, and the beauteous crown of leaves at the summit. It would also recal to their minds that the palm flourished in the desert, and that its presence there always indicated moisture, which enabled it to grow amidst surrounding barrenness." In Exodus xv. 27, it is said that the children of Israel "came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm-trees." The believer's growth, like that of the palm, is internal, and unseen by the world. (Being endogenous, it grows from the

centre outwards.) His age is determined by his nearness to Heaven. His stature, as Solomon says (Cant. vii. 7), is like the palm-tree. He grows in a bleak and barren wilderness, but he has sources of joy and of refreshing which the world knows not. The allurements of the world twine round him, and he is surrounded by trials and temptations, but they do not impede his growth. (From the hardness of the exterior the twining plant does not injure a palm-tree, as it does an exogenous or surface-growing tree.) He towers above all, pointing heavenward, &c.

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- Baptist Magazine (The). Oct. Pewtress and Co.
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- Christ in the Covenant. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.
- Commentary on the Book of Psalms. By William De Burgh, D.D. Parts 11, 12, 13. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, and Co.
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- Sermons. By Henry Ward Beecher. No. 1, "The Corner-Stone—Elect—Precious." No. 2, "Man's True Dignity." London: J. Heaton and Son.
- Sermons. By the late James Henderson, D.D., of Galashiels. With Memoir, by John Cairns, D.D. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co.
- Soldier Spiritualised (The). Second Edition. With a Sketch of the Eventful Life of the Author, the late Mr. John Mance. London: Partridge and Co.
- Spenser's Poetical Works. With Memoir and Critical Dissertations, by the Rev. George Gilfillan. Vol. 5. Edinburgh: James Nichol.
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- Ten Years of Preacher-Life: Chapters from an Autobiography. By William Henry Milburn. With Introduction, by the Rev. William Arthur, A.M. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co.